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NEW INVENTION.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON STEAM ENGINES.

*With an Engraving.*

THE engine of which an engraving is annexed is thus described by the inventor, Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia.

My principle is to confine and retain the steam, and, by that means, encrease the heat in the water, which encreases the elastic power of the steam in a rapid ratio, to a great degree, by a very small encrease of the consumption of fuel: namely, as the heat of the water is increased in an arithmetical progression, the elastic power of the steam increases in a geometrical progression. Every addition of about thirty degrees of heat to the water, by Fahrenheit's thermometer, be the temperature what it may, doubles the elastic power of the steam, so that doubling the heat in the water increases the elastic power of the steam about a hundred times. Similar ratios hold good in practice; every addition of a small quantity of fuel doubles the power and effect of the engine, so that doubling the fuel produces about sixteen times the ef-

VOL. III. NO. XIX.

fect, which enables us with small, simple, and cheap engines to produce effects equal to larger, more complex, and expensive ones, heretofore used, with about one-third part of the fuel: which renders them useful for a great variety of purposes for which other engines would be unprofitable, as they can be constructed at half the expence to produce equal power, and are from five to ten times as powerful, according to their size and weight. The power can be doubled or tripled at pleasure, to meet extra resistances, and may be kept in reserve until wanted; which qualities render the engines applicable to and suitable for all the following purposes, and profitable in each case, where water-falls are not to be had, viz. for grinding all kinds of grain, sawing of all kinds of timber, raising of water for draining of mines, watering of cities or lands, driving of sugar-mills, working of rolling and slitting-mills, forge hammers, or

bellows for furnaces, chopping grain and pumping water for distilleries and breweries: where the steam, after it leaves the engine, may be applied to heat the water, and save fuel; to turn grinding stones, turning lathes to grind coffee, chocolate, paints, bark, &c., to propel boats against a current, and waggons on turnpike roads; in short, for every purpose for which power may be wanted, from the power of one man, to that of one hundred horses.

I am preparing for the press a small work, explaining the principles, and showing the reasons why they produce such wonderful effects; but to do justice to this subject would require a large and very expensive volume, which I had began, but have relinquished, believing the sales would not defray the expense.

The Plate represents a plain elevated section of the different parts of the engine, connected in the operation, but they are differently arranged in the construction.

#### EXPLANATION.

*a* The end view of the boiler, consisting of two cylindrical tubes, the best form for holding a great power, the lesser inside of the greater. The fire is kindled in the inner one, which serves as a furnace, the water being between them. The smoke passes to the other end, is turned under the supply boiler, *b*, to heat the water for supplying the waste occasioned by working; *c* the supply pump, which brings water up, and forces it into the supply boiler, at every stroke of the engine.

The steam ascends the pipe, and if the throttle valve *d* be lifted to let the steam into the engine, and valves *e* and *f* be opened, the steam drives the piston *g* to the lower end of the cylinder, as it appears in the plate. The steam escaping before the piston through the valve *f*, as soon as the piston is down the valves *e f* shut and *h i* open, the steam enters at *h* to drive the piston up again, and escapes before the piston

through the valve *i*. These four valves are wrought by two wheels, *k l*, with cams on their sides, which strike against four levers, not shown in the plate, to which the stems of the valves are attached, and which open and shut them at the proper time. The motion of the piston *g* gives motion to the lever *m n*, and the rod *m o*, connected to the crank, puts it in motion, and the fly wheel *q r* keeps its motion regular, the spur wheels *s t*, of equal size, move the valve wheels *l k*; the lever *m n* works the supply pump *c*. Thus the motion is continued, and the cog wheel *v* of 66 cogs going into the tunnel *u* of 23 cogs, gives the stone *w* 100 revolutions per minute, when the piston strikes 35 strokes. This cog wheel may move any other work, or instead thereof a crank may move a pump or saw, as this engine may be made to strike from 10 to 100 strokes per minute, as the case may require; and if the working cylinder be 8 inches diameter, it will drive a pair of five feet millstones, or other work requiring an equal power.

The steam, after it leaves the engine, escapes up the pipe *x x*, through the roof of the house, or into a condenser, if one be used, or through the supply boiler to heat the water. *v* A safety valve, kept down by a lever graduated like a steel-yard, to weigh the power of the steam; this valve will lift and let the steam escape, when its power is too great.

If the pipe of the safety valve be turned into the flue of the furnace, then, by lifting the valve, the ashes may all be blown out of the flue.

This engine is of a simple construction, easily executed by ordinary mechanics: the valve seats are formed by simple plates, with holes in them, easily cast.

In working this engine to drive ten saws, we find, that if we put her in motion as soon as she has power to drive one saw, and suffer her to move briskly, she carries off the heat from the boiler nearly as fast as it is generated, and fuel may be

consumed and time spent to little purpose ; but if we confine and retain the steam in the boiler, until it lifts the safety valve with a power sufficient to drive ten saws, she will start with that load, and carry it all day, and consume but little more fuel.

It takes up but little room in the building. The draught is drawn from a scale of half an inch to a foot, except the millstones, and two wheels that move them. They are a quarter of an inch to a foot.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

NAVAL TRANSACTIONS IN THE  
MEDITERRANEAN.

THE most considerable naval transactions in which the United States have been engaged, since the revolution, are, undoubtedly, those that have lately taken place in the Mediterranean. They form, therefore, the most important portion of our national history, in our relation to other states. The following account has a better chance of being a circumstantial and authentic narrative of these transactions than is elsewhere to be met with. It is drawn up from the commodore's official dispatch, and contains the account of his proceedings during one month, from the 10th of August to the 10th of September, 1804.

The commander was detained by bad weather in the harbour of Messina, till the 9th of August, when he left it with two small bomb vessels under convoy, and arrived at Syracuse, where he was necessarily detained four days. On the 14th he sailed ; the schooners *Nautilus* and *Enterprize* in company, with six gun boats and two bomb vessels, placed under his command by the king of Naples. The bomb vessels were about thirty tons, carried a thirteen inch brass sea mortar, and forty men. The gun boats were twenty-five tons ; carried a long iron twenty-four pounder in the

bow, with thirty-five men. They were officered and manned from the squadron, except twelve Neapolitan bombardiers, gunners, and sailors attached to each boat, who were shipped by permission of their government. This step was found necessary, as every vessel in the squadron was considerably short of her complement.

The gun boats are constructed for the defence of harbours ; they are flat bottomed and heavy, and very badly sail and row. They were never intended to go to sea, and cannot be navigated with safety, unless assisted by tow-ropes from larger and better sailing vessels ; nor even then, in very bad weather. However, as they were the best to be had, he thought proper to employ them, particularly as the weather in July and August is generally serene, and without them his force was too small to make any impression on Tripoli.

On the 16th of July they arrived at Malta, where they were detained by contrary gales till the 21st, when they left it, and arrived in sight of Tripoli the 25th, and were joined by the *Siren*, *Argus*, *Vixen*, and *Scourge*. The squadron now consisted of the *Constitution*, three brigs, three schooners, two bombs, and six gun boats ; the whole number of men 1060. He proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for an attack on Tripoli, a city well walled, protected by batteries judiciously constructed, mounting 115 pieces of heavy cannon, and defended by 25,000 Arabs and Turks ; the harbour protected by 19 gun boats, two gallies, two schooners, of eight guns each, and a brig mounting ten guns, ranged in order of battle, forming a strong line of defence at secured moorings, within a long range of rocks and shoals, extending more than two miles eastward of the town. This reef forms the harbour, and protects it from the northern gales. It is hence impossible for a vessel of the *Constitution's* draft of water to approach near enough to destroy them, as they are

sheltered by the rocks, and can retire under that shelter to the shore, unless they chuse to expose themselves in the different channels and openings of the reefs, for the purpose of annoying their enemies. Each of the gun boats mounts a heavy 18 or 26 pounder in the bow, and two brass howitzers on her quarters, and carry from 36 to 50 men. The gallies have each 100 men; schooners and brigs about the same number.

The weather was not favourable for anchoring till the 28th, when, the wind E. S. E., the squadron stood in for the coast, and at 3, P. M., anchored, Tripoli bearing south, two and a half miles distant. At this moment the wind shifted suddenly from E. S. E. to N. N. W., and from thence to N. N. E. At 5 o'clock, it blew strong, with a heavy sea, setting directly on shore. The commodore made the signal to prepare to weigh. At 6, the wind having considerably increased, the signal was made for the squadron to weigh and gain an offing; the wind continued veering to the eastward, which favoured their gaining sea room, without being obliged to carry so great a press of sail, as to lose any of their gun boats, though they were in great danger. The gale continued varying from N. E. to E. S. E., without increasing much, till the 31st, when it blew away the commodore's reefed fore-sail and close reefed main-top-sail; fortunately the sea did not rise in proportion to the strength of the gale, or they must have lost all their boats. On the first of August, the gale subsided and they stood towards the coast: every preparation was made for an attack on the town and harbour. August the 3d was pleasant weather, the wind east: the squadron stood in towards Tripoli. At noon they were between two and three miles from the batteries, which were all manned; and several gun boats and gallies having advanced in two divisions without the rocks, it was resolved to take advantage of their temerity. At half past 12 o'clock,

the squadron wore off shore, and preparations were made for attacking the enemy's shipping and batteries. The gun and mortar boats were immediately manned and prepared to cast off; the gun boats in two divisions of three each: the first division commanded by captain Somers in No. 1, lieutenant Decatur in No. 2, and lieutenant Blake in No. 3. The second division commanded by captain Decatur in No. 4, lieutenant Bainbridge in No. 5, and lieutenant Trippe in No. 6. The two bombards were commanded by lieutenant commandant Dent, and Mr. Robinson, first lieutenant of the commodore's ship. At half past 1 o'clock, the ships wore, and stood towards the batteries; at three quarters past 2, the bombs commenced the action, by throwing shells into the town. In an instant, the enemy's shipping and batteries opened a tremendous fire, which was promptly returned by the whole squadron within grape shot distance; at the same time, the second division of three gun boats, led by the gallant Decatur, was advancing with sails and oars, to board the eastern division of the enemy, consisting of nine boats. These boats gave the enemy showers of grape and musket balls as they advanced; they, however, soon closed, when the pistol, sabre, pike, and tomahawk, came into play. Captain Somers being in a dull sailer, made the best use of his sweeps, but was not able to fetch far enough to the windward to engage the same division of the enemy's boats, which captain Decatur fell in with; he, however, gallantly bore down with his single boat on five of the enemy's western division, and engaged within pistol shot, defeated and drove them within the rocks, in a shattered condition, and with the loss of a great number of men. Lieutenant Decatur, in No. 2, was closely engaged with one of the enemy's largest boats, of the eastern division, which struck to him, after having lost a large proportion of men; and at the instant that brave officer was boarding her, to take possession, he

was treacherously shot through the head by the captain of the boat that had surrendered, which base conduct enabled the poltroon (with the assistance he received from other boats) to escape. The third boat of captain Somers' division kept to the windward, firing at the boats and shipping in the harbour; had she gone down to his assistance, it is probable several of the enemy's boats would have been captured in that quarter. Captain Decatur, in No. 4, after having with distinguished bravery, boarded and carried one of the enemy, of superior force, took his prize in tow, and gallantly bore down to engage a second, which, after a severe and bloody conflict, he also took possession of.

These two prizes had thirty-three officers and men killed, and twenty-seven made prisoners, nineteen of whom were badly wounded. Lieutenant Trippe, of the *Vixen*, in No. 6, ran along side of one of the enemy's large boats, which he boarded, with only midshipman John Henly and nine men, his boat falling off before any more could get on board: thus was he left compelled to conquer or perish, with the odds of thirty-six to eleven. The Turks could not withstand the ardour of this brave officer and his assistants; in a few minutes the decks were cleared, and her colours hauled down. On board of this boat, fourteen of the enemy were killed and twenty-two made prisoners, seven of which were badly wounded: the rest of their boats retreated within the rocks. Lieutenant Trippe received eleven sabre wounds, some of which were very severe: he speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Henly and those who followed him. Lieutenant Bainbridge, in No. 5, had his latteen yards shot away early in the action, which prevented his getting along side of the enemy's boats; but he galled them with a steady and well directed fire within musket shot; indeed he pursued the enemy till his boat grounded under the batteries: she was fortunately soon got off. The

bomb vessels kept their stations, although covered with the spray of the sea occasioned by the enemy's shot; they were well conducted by lieutenants Dent and Robinson, who kept up a constant fire from the mortars, and threw a great number of shells into the town. Five of the enemy's gun boats and two gallees composing the centre division, and stationed within the rocks as a reserve, joined by the boats that had been driven in and supplied with fresh men from the shore to replace those they had lost, twice attempted to row out to endeavour to surround our gun boats and their prizes. The signal to cover them was promptly attended to by the brigs and schooners, all of which were gallantly conducted, and annoyed the enemy exceedingly; but the fire from the *Constitution* kept their flotilla completely in check. The grape shot of the assailants made great havoc among their men, not only on board their shipping but on shore. The ships were several times within two cables' length of the rocks, and within three of their batteries; every one of which, in succession, were silenced so long as they could bring their broad side to bear upon them. But the moment they passed a battery it was reanimated, and a constant heavy fire kept up, from all that the ships could not point their guns at. Our ships suffered most when wearing or tacking; it was then that the want of another frigate was most sensibly felt. At half past four, the wind inclining to the northward, the signal was made for the bombs and gun boats to retire from action, and, immediately after, the signal to tow off the gun boats and prizes, which was well executed by the brigs, schooners, and boats of the squadron, covered by a heavy fire from the *Constitution*. At three quarters past 4, P. M., the light vessels, gun boats, and prizes, being out of reach of the enemy's shot, the commodore hauled off to take the bomb vessels in tow. The squadron was two hours under the fire

of the enemy's batteries, and the only damage received by the Constitution was a twenty-four pound shot, nearly through the centre of the main mast, thirty feet from the deck, main royal yard and sail shot away; one of the quarter deck guns was damaged by a thirty-two pound shot, which at the same time shattered a marine's arm. Two lower shrouds and two back-stays were shot away, and the sails and running rigging considerably cut: so little damage must be imputed to their keeping so near, that the enemy overshot them, and to the annoyance received from the grape shot. They were, however, but wretched gunners. Gun boat No. 5 had the main yard shot away; and the rigging and sails of the brigs and schooners were considerably cut. Lieutenant Decatur was the only officer killed, but in him the service lost a valuable officer: he was a young man who gave strong promise of being an ornament to his profession; his conduct in the action was highly honourable, and he *died nobly*. The enemy must have suffered very much in killed and wounded, both among their shipping and on shore. Three of their gun boats were sunk in their harbour, several of them had their decks nearly cleared of men by our shot, and a number of shells burst in the town and batteries, which must have done great execution. The officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron, behaved in the most gallant manner. The Neapolitans in emulating the ardour of our seamen answered the highest expectations. The commodore confers high praise on the active exertions and officer-like conduct of lieutenant Gordon, and the other lieutenants of the Constitution. Mr. Harriden, the master, gave full satisfaction, as did all the officers and ship's company. Great praise was due to captain Hall, and lieutenant Greenleaf, and the marines belonging to his company, in the management of six long twenty-six pounders on the spare deck, which

were placed under his direction.— Captain Decatur speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of lieutenant Thain, and midshipman M'Donough, of No. 4, as does captain Somers of midshipmen Ridgely and Miller, attached to No. 1.

The killed amounted only to one, who was slain in the base manner above-mentioned, and the wounded to thirteen.

On the 5th of August, the squadron was at anchor about two leagues north from the city of Tripoli, while the Argus was in chase of a small vessel to the westward, which she soon came up with and brought to. She proved to be a French privateer of four guns, which put into Tripoli for water, and left it that morning. The captain was prevailed on to return to Tripoli, for the purpose of landing fourteen very badly wounded Tripolitans, with a letter to the prime minister, leaving it at the option of the bashaw to reciprocate this generous mode of conducting the war.

The 7th, the French privateer came out, and brought a letter from the French consul, in which he observes, that the attack of the 3d instant had disposed the bashaw to accept of reasonable terms; and invited the commodore to send a boat to the rocks with a flag of truce, which was declined, as the white flag was not hoisted at the bashaw's castle. At 9, A. M., with a very light breeze from the eastward, and a strong current, which obliged the Constitution to remain at anchor, the light vessels weighed, and the gun and bomb boats cast off and stood in shore towards the western batteries, the prize-boats having been completely fitted for service, and the command of them given to lieutenants Crane of the Vixen, Thorn of the Enterprize, and Caldwell of the Syren; the whole advanced with sails and oars. The bombs were directed to take post in a small bay westward of the city, where but few of the enemy's guns could be brought to bear on them, but from whence they could annoy

the town with shells. The gun boats were ordered to silence a battery of seven heavy guns, which guarded the approach to that position, and the brigs and schooners to support them, in case the enemy's flotilla should venture out. At half past 1, P. M., a breeze from N. N. E., the Constitution weighed, and stood in for the town, but the wind being on shore made it imprudent to engage the batteries with the ship, as in case of a mast being shot away, the loss of the vessel would probably ensue, unless a change of wind should favour her getting off.

At half past 2, P. M., the bomb and gun boats having gained their stations, the bombs commenced throwing shells, and the gun boats opened a sharp and well directed fire on the town and batteries within point blank shot, which was warmly returned by the enemy. The seven gun battery in less than two hours was silenced, except one gun; the others were probably dismounted by the shot, as the walls were almost totally destroyed. At a quarter past 3, P. M., a ship hove in sight to the northward, standing for the town; the Argus chased; at half past 3, one of the prize gun boats was blown up, by a hot shot from the enemy, which passed through her magazine. She had on board twenty-eight officers, seamen, and marines; ten of whom were killed, and six wounded. Among the killed were James R. Caldwell, first lieutenant of the Syren, and midshipman John S. Dorsey, both excellent officers; midshipman Spence and eleven men were taken up unhurt. Mr. Spence was superintending the loading of the gun at that moment, and, notwithstanding the boat was sinking, he and the brave fellows surviving finished charging, gave three cheers as the boat went from under them, and swam to the nearest boats, where they assisted during the remainder of the action. The enemy's gun boats and galleys, fifteen in number, were all in motion close under the batteries, and appeared to me-

ditate an attack in their turn; the Constitution, Nautilus, and Enterprise were to windward, ready, at every hazard, to cut them off from the harbour, if they should venture down; while the Syren and Vixen were near to support and cover any of them that might be disabled. The enemy thought it most prudent, however, to return to their retreat behind the rocks, after firing a few shot.

The town must have suffered much from this attack, and their batteries, particularly the seven gun battery, must have lost many men. At half past 5, P. M., the wind began to freshen from the N. N. E. The gun and bomb boats retired from action, and the vessels to which they were attached took them in tow. In this day's action, No. 4 had a 24 pound shot through her hull; No. 6 her latteen yard shot away; No. 8 a 24 pound shot through her hull, which killed two men. Some of the other boats had their rigging and sails considerably cut. The assailants threw 48 shells, and about five hundred 24 pound shot into the town and batteries. All the officers and men engaged in the action behaved with the utmost intrepidity. At half past 6, all the boats were in tow, and the squadron standing to the N. W. At 8, the John Adams, captain Chauncey, from the United States, joined company. At 9, the squadron anchored, Tripoli bearing S. E., five miles distant. Gun boat No. 3 was this day commanded by Mr. Brooks, master of the Argus, and No. 6 by lieutenant Wadsworth, of the Constitution. The loss in this attack amounted to five officers and seven seamen killed, and six seamen, two of them mortally, wounded.

*To be continued.*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### CHINESE GARDENING.

GARDENING is a term whose meaning is very different on this and

on the other side of the ocean: or, rather, one of the meanings of that word in use in England, is almost entirely unknown among us. *Here* a garden is a small space, divided into beds, planted with flowers, and intersected with gravel walks; or it signifies a spot cultivated only with the spade. In England it possesses both these meanings, but it likewise includes a third meaning, from which all cultivation with the spade or plough, all flower plots and gravel walks are entirely excluded. The eye is designed to be delighted, not by the distribution of shrubs, but of trees, not by the arrangement of smooth turf and glistening gravel, but of rocks and rivers, hills and vallies. In this sense, the term gardening is usually qualified by the epithet *landscape*, and the art of gardening, in this sense, is nothing but landscape drawing, not on canvas, but on the face of nature itself; and not with oils and chalks, but with the original materials which nature supplies.

This art, which is one of the most sublime and striking which the human fancy can devise, has sometimes been claimed by the English, as an invention of their own; and yet such are the anomalies and varieties of human nature, that an art of such recent invention in Europe, and teeming with all the noblest images of grace, beauty, and sublimity, has flourished immemorially in China, a country famous for every thing but such fancy and genius as will stand the test of European criticism.

There is rarely to be met with a more exquisite specimen of description than in the following extract from the journal of lord Macartney, the British ambassador to China. It relates to the gardens of the Chinese sovereigns in Tartary, and to Chinese gardening in general.

Of the Chinese palaces, situated on the road to Tartary, he tells us, that they are constructed upon nearly the same plan, and in the same taste. They front the south, and are usually situated on irregular ground

near the bases of gentle hills which, together with their adjoining vallies, are enclosed by high walls, and laid out in parks and pleasure grounds, with every possible attention to picturesque beauty. Whenever water can be brought into the view, it is not neglected; the distant hills are planted, cultivated, or left naked, according to their accompaniments in the prospect. The wall is often concealed in a sunk fence, in order to give an idea of greater extent. A Chinese gardener is the painter of nature; and though totally ignorant of perspective, as a science, produces the happiest effects by the management, or rather penciling of distances, if I may use the expression, by relieving or keeping down the features of the scene, by contrasting trees of a bright with those of a dusky foliage, by bringing them forward, or throwing them back, according to their bulk and their figure, and by introducing buildings of different dimensions, either heightened by strong colouring, or softened by simplicity and omission of ornament.

The emperor, continues he, having been informed that, in the course of our travels in China, we had shown a strong desire of seeing every thing curious and interesting, was pleased to give directions to the first minister to show us his park or garden at Gehol.

Having expressed my sense of this mark of his condescension in the proper manner, and my increasing admiration of every thing I had yet observed at Gehol, I retired, and, whilst he proceeded to his adorations at the pagoda, I accompanied the ministers, and other great persons of the court, to a pavilion prepared for us, from whence, after a short collation, we set out on horseback to view this wonderful garden.

We rode about three miles through a very beautiful park, kept in the highest order, and much resembling the approach to Luton in Bedfordshire; the grounds gently undulated and chequered with va-

rious groupings of well contrasted trees in the offskip. As we moved onward, an extensive lake appeared before us, the extremities of which seemed to lose themselves in distance and obscurity. Here was a large and magnificent yacht ready to receive us, and a number of smaller ones for the attendants, elegantly fitted up, and adorned with numberless vanes, pendants, and streamers. The shores of the lake have all the varieties of shape, which the fancy of a painter can delineate; and are so indented with bays, or broken with projections, that almost every stroke of the oar brought a new and unexpected object to our view. Nor are islands wanting; but they are situated only where they should be, each in its proper place, and having its proper character: one marked by a pagoda, or other building; one quite destitute of ornament; some smooth and level; some steep and uneven; and others frowning with wood, or smiling with culture. Where any things particularly interesting were to be seen we disembarked from time to time, to visit them, and I dare say that, in the course of our voyage, we stopped at forty or fifty different palaces or pavilions. These are all furnished in the richest manner, with pictures of the emperor's huntings and progresses; with stupendous vases of jasper and agate; with the finest porcelain and japan, and with every kind of European toys and sing-songs; with spheres, orreries, clocks, and musical automats, of such exquisite workmanship, and in such profusion, that our presents must shrink from the comparison, and hide their diminished heads; and yet I am told, that the fine things which we have seen are far exceeded by others of the same kind in the apartments of the ladies, and in the European repository at Yuen-min-yuen. In every one of the pavilions was a throne, of imperial state, and a Eu-jou, or symbol of peace and prosperity, placed at one side of it, resembling that which the emperor delivered to me yesterday

for the king. It would be an endless task, were I to attempt a detail of all the wonders of this charming place. There is no beauty of distribution, no feature of amenity, no reach of fancy, which embellishes our pleasure grounds in England, that is not to be found here. Had China been accessible to Browne or Hamilton, I should have sworn they had drawn their happiest ideas from the rich sources which I have tasted this day; for, in the course of a few hours, I have enjoyed such vicissitudes of rural delight, as I did not conceive could be felt out of England; being at different moments enchanted by scenes perfectly similar to those I had known there, to the magnificence of Stowe, the softer beauties of Wooburn, and the fairy-land of Paine's Hill.

One thing I was particularly struck with; I mean the happy choice of situation for ornamental buildings. From attention to this circumstance they have not the air of being crowded or disproportioned; they never intrude upon the eye; but, wherever they appear, always show themselves to advantage, and add, improve, and enliven the prospect.

In many places the lake is overspread with the nenuphar or lotus (nelumbian) resembling our broad-leaved water-lily. This is an accompaniment which, though the Chinese are passionately fond of, cultivating it in all their pieces of water, I confess I don't much admire. Artificial rocks and ponds, with gold and silver fish, are, perhaps, too often introduced; and the monstrous porcelain figures of lions and tygers, usually placed before the pavilions, are displeasing to a European eye; but these are trifles of no great moment; and I am astonished that now, after a six hours critical survey of these gardens, I can scarcely recollect any thing besides to find fault with.

The western garden, which forms a strong contrast with the other, and exhibits all the sublimer beauties of nature, in as high a degree as the

part which we saw before possesses the attractions of softness and amenity. It is one of the finest forest-scenes in the world; wild, woody, mountainous, and rocky, abounding with stags and deer of different species, and most of the other beasts of the chase, not dangerous to man.

In many places immense woods, chiefly oaks, pines, and chesnuts, grow upon almost perpendicular steepes, and force their sturdy roots through every resistance of surface and of soil, where vegetation would seem almost impossible. These woods often clamber over the loftiest pinnacles of the stony hills, or, gathering on the skirts of them, descend with a rapid sweep, and bury themselves in the deepest valleys. There, at proper distances, you find palaces, banqueting houses, and monasteries, (but without bonzes) adapted to the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place, sometimes with a rivulet on one hand, gently stealing through the glade, at others with a cataract tumbling from above, raging with foam, and rebounding with a thousand echoes from below, or silently engulfed in a gloomy pool or yawning chasm.

The roads by which we approached these romantic scenes are often hewn out of the living rock, and conducted round the hills in a kind of rugged stair-case; and yet no accident occurred in our progress, not a false step disturbed the regularity of our cavalcade, though the horses are spirited, and all of them unshod. From the great irregularity of the ground, and the various heights to which we ascended, we had opportunities of catching many magnificent points of view by detached glances; but, after wandering for several hours (and yet never wearied with wandering), we at last reached a covered pavilion, open on all sides, and situated on a summit so elevated as perfectly to command the whole surrounding country, to a vast extent. The radius of the horizon I should suppose to be at least twenty miles from the

central spot where we stood; and, certainly, so rich, so various, so beautiful, so sublime a prospect, my eyes had never beheld. I saw every thing before me as on an illuminated map; palaces, pagodas, towns, villages, farm-houses, plains, and valleys, watered by innumerable streams, hills waving with woods, and meadows covered with cattle of the most beautiful marks and colours. All seemed to be nearly at my feet, and that a step would convey me within reach of them.

From hence was pointed out to us a vast enclosure below, which was not accessible to us, being never entered but by the emperor, his women, or his eunuchs. It includes within its bounds, though on a smaller scale, most of the beauties which distinguish the eastern and the western gardens which we have already seen.

— If any place in England can be said, in any respect, to have similar features to the western park, it is Lowther Hall, in Westmoreland, which, from the extent of prospect, the grand surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversity of surface, the extensive woods, and command of water, might be rendered, by a man of sense, spirit, and taste, the finest scene in the British dominions.

Whether the English style of gardening was really copied from the Chinese, or originated in England, I leave for vanity to assert, and idleness to discuss. A discovery which is the result of good sense and reflexion may equally occur to the most distant nations, without either borrowing from the other. There is certainly a great analogy between our gardening and the Chinese; but our excellence seems to be rather in improving nature, theirs to conquer her, and yet produce the same effect. It is indifferent to a Chinese where he makes his garden, whether on a spot favoured, or abandoned, by the rural deities. If the latter, he invites them, or compels them to return. His point is to change every thing

from what he found it, to explode the old fashion of the creation, and introduce novelty in every corner. If there be a waste, he adorns it with trees; if a dry desert, he waters it with a river, or floats it with a lake. If there be a smooth flat, he varies it with all possible conversions. He undulates the surface, he raises it in hills, scoops it into valleys, and roughens it with rocks. He softens asperities, brings amenity into the wilderness, or animates the tameness of an expanse, by accompanying it with the majesty of a forest. Deceptions and eye-traps the Chinese are not unacquainted with, but they use them very sparingly. I observed no artificial ruins, caves, or hermitages. Though the sublime predominates in its proper station, you are insensibly led to contemplate it, not startled by its sudden intrusion; for, in the plan, cheerfulness is the principal feature, and lights up the face of the scene. To enliven it still more, the aid of architecture is invited; all the buildings are perfect of their kind, either elegantly simple, or highly decorated, according to the effect that is intended to arise, erected at suitable distances, and judiciously contrasted, never crowded together in confusion, nor affectedly confronted, and staring at each other without meaning. Proper edifices in proper places. The summer-house, the pavilion, the temples, have all their respective situations, which they distinguish and improve, but which any other structures would injure or deform. The only things disagreeable to my eye are the large porcelain figures of lions, tigers, &c. and the rough hewn steps, and huge masses of rock-work, which they seem studious of introducing near many of their houses and palaces. Considering their general good taste in the other point, I was much surprised at this, and could only account for it, by the expence and difficulty of bringing together such incongruities; for it is a common effect of enormous riches to push every thing they can procure to bombast and

extravagance, which are the death of taste. In other countries, however, as well as in China, I have seen some of the most boasted seats, either outgrowing their beauty from a plethora of their owner's wealth, or becoming capricious and hypochondriacal by a quackish application of it. A few fine places, even in England, might be pointed out, that are labouring under these disorders; not to mention some celebrated houses where twisted staircases, window-glass cupolas, and embroidered chimney-pieces, convey nothing to us but the whims and dreams of sickly fancy, without an atom of grandeur, taste, or propriety.

The architecture of the Chinese is of a peculiar style, totally unlike any other, irreducible to our rules, but perfectly consistent with its own. It has certain principles, from which it never deviates; and although, when examined according to ours, it sins against the ideas we have imbibed of distribution, composition, and proportion; yet, upon the whole, it often produces a most pleasing effect, as we sometimes see a person, without a single good feature in his face, have, nevertheless, a very agreeable countenance.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON LONGEVITY.

*To the Editor, &c.*

LONGEVITY appears to be a favourite topic of speculation with you, as, indeed, it is with the greatest part of mankind. You will probably, therefore, give place to the following observations on that subject; and this the more readily, when you are told that they have been made by one who has made this subject his peculiar study, and who joins much reflection to no small experience.

Longevity does not appear to be restricted to any particular climate,

for remarkable instances of it occur both in very hot and very cold countries, though certainly they abound most in temperate climes. Man adapts himself easily to the atmosphere and peculiarities of the country in which he receives life, or even into which he is afterwards removed. Thus, France and Sweden are countries differing materially, in soil and climate, and in the general modes of life; yet the usual rate of mortality is nearly the same in both, being about one in thirty-five per annum. Men live equally well under very different circumstances; sudden changes are chiefly injurious; and temperate climates, being less liable to such changes, are most favourable to the prolongation of life. Almost every country contains particular districts more favourable to health than others; and this is chiefly owing to a free circulation of air, uncontaminated by the noxious exhalations which impair its purity in other parts: thus hilly districts are more healthy than low and marshy places.

Of 145 persons recorded to have lived 120 years and upwards, more than half were inhabitants of Great Britain, viz.:

- 63 of England and Wales,
- 23 of Scotland,
- 29 of Ireland,
- 30 of other countries.

Though this may indeed be owing to the deficiency of records in other countries, and the great care taken in Great Britain to register and publish such remarkable cases.

The instances in Scotland, compared with those of England, appears to have been more than twice as numerous, in proportion to the population, which certainly shows, that the climate of the former is very favourable to long life.

It is well known, that more males are born than females; in almost all the forms of animal life, the male possesses somewhat more bodily strength than the female. Hence it might be thought, that the number of males living would be greater than that of females, and that, in

general, they would enjoy longer life. It is probable, however, that in forming the accounts from which the number of females living appeared greater than that of the males, sufficient attention was not paid to the number of males engaged chiefly abroad in the army and navy, and of the emigrants to foreign parts being chiefly males. That the apparent deficiency in England arose from these causes, is shown by the result of the late enumeration, in which, including soldiers and seamen, the females exceed the males by less than one in a hundred: a difference easily explained by the number of males who emigrate to the East and West Indies, and other foreign parts.

In America, which receives most of the emigrants from Europe, the total of males appears greater than that of females, being nearly in the proportion of one hundred to ninety-six. Hence it is highly probable, could we accurately number the males and females of any country, they would prove nearly equal; and the greater number of males born would be a mere provision for the greater destruction of males, by war, navigation, and various casualties.

That the male constitution is naturally more durable than that of females, may be inferred from the preceding account of 145 persons who have attained unusually great age, more than two-thirds of the number being males; but the adventitious causes, which bring the numbers of each sex nearly to a level, render the expectations of life likewise nearly equal.

Longevity has been supposed to be in a great degree hereditary; and as weakness and disease are frequently so, it appears very probable, that the constitution of body and temper of mind best adapted for duration may prevail more in some families than in others. Dr. Rush says, he has not found a single person who had lived eighty years, who was not descended from long-lived ancestors; it is certain, however,

there have been, in Great Britain, many persons who have exceeded eighty years, whose family were not remarkable for longevity.

Moderate sized and well proportioned persons have doubtless the best chance of long life. And yet a few persons of a different form have attained considerable age. Mary Jones, who died, in 1773, at Wem, in Shropshire, aged 100 years, was only two feet eight inches in height, very deformed, and lame; and James McDonald, who died, near Cork, August 20th, 1760, aged 117, was seven feet six inches high.

Matrimony, if not too early, seems very conducive to health and long life, the proportion of unmarried persons attaining great age being remarkably small. Dr. Rush says, that, in the course of his enquiries, he met with only one person beyond eighty years of age who had never married. There are some such, however, to be met with: Mrs. Malton, who died in 1733, at 105; Ann Kerney, who died the same year, at 110; Martha Dunridge, who died in 1752, in her 100th year; and Mrs. Warren, who died in 1753, at 104, had never married; and in the list prefixed to sir John Sinclair's Essay on Longevity, of Greenwich pensioners, upwards of eighty years old, there are sixteen never married: the same list, however, contains five times as many who had been married, and other accounts give a still greater proportion.

The Chinese erect honorary trophies to those who have lived a century, thinking that, without a sober and virtuous life, it is impossible to attain so great an age. Temperance is certainly the best safeguard of health; and no man can reasonably expect to live long, who impairs the vital powers by excess, which converts the most natural and beneficial enjoyments into the most certain means of destruction. The few persons who, notwithstanding their licentious life, have reached great age, cannot be compared with the immense number whose lives have

been materially shortened by such excesses.

It is a striking circumstance in the Mosaic institutions, that *long life* is frequently assigned as the reward for the obedience of the precepts of the law; and when the salutary influence of what may be termed the physical precepts of that law is considered, and due weight is given to the influence on health of internal serenity and approbation, we shall see that this reward would naturally follow the observance of these precepts.

The cheerful and contented are certainly more likely to enjoy good health and long life, than persons of irritable and fretful dispositions; therefore whatever tends to promote good-humour and innocent hilarity must have a beneficial influence in this respect; and persons whose attention is much engaged on serious subjects should endeavour to preserve a relish for cheerful recreations.

From the great age to which many eminent musicians have lived, an inference may be drawn in favour of that pleasing science, as conducive to health and long life.

Dr. Child	aged 90
Dr. Turner	88
Playford	80
Scarlatti	87
Porpora	82
Tartini	80
Geminiani	96
Rameau	84
Hasse	86
Wagenseil	96
Bach	80
Pepusch	85
Leveridge	88
Farinelli	80
Cervetto	90

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE FEMALE SEX.

WHETHER the female mind be capable of those eagle flights into the

regions of philosophy and science, which a Bacon and a Newton took, is a question scarcely worth the trouble of debating. A thousand instances have already been produced, by various writers, to disprove the mental inferiority of females, and it is universally acknowledged, that their minds are capable of infinitely higher cultivation than it has usually been their lot to receive.

But whatever we say of their rank in the scale of mere intellect, surely there can be no doubt of their pre-eminence above man in their moral feelings and affections, and in the vigour, courage, and fortitude arising out of these, which is the true test, and genuine essence of merit. The thousand instances of their heroic conduct during the French revolution, have settled this fact for ever. No personal danger could for one instant deter them from seeking, in the foulest dungeons, the father or the child, the husband or the lover. Months after months have they been known to secrete from revolutionary vengeance, some object of their affection, when the discovery of the concealment would have been inevitable and immediate death. Were a friend arrested, their ingenuity never relaxed a moment in contrivances for his escape; were he naked, they clothed him; were he hungry, they fed him; were he sick, they visited him; and, when all efforts were unavailing for his deliverance, often did they infuse into his sinking soul their own courage to meet death with fortitude, and even with cheerfulness.

In infancy they nourish us; in old age they cherish and console us; and, on the bed of sickness, the exquisite delicacy of their attentions, the watchings they will undergo without a murmur, the fretting querulousness they will bear with complacency, the offensive, the nauseous offices which they are at all times ready to perform, demand from us more than every return of attachment, kindness, and gratitude,

which it is in our power to confer. These qualities are not the offspring of civilization; they are characteristic of the sex, and proudly distinguish it in every quarter of the globe. This is that excellent beauty which nature gives to woman, in ample recompence for inferior deprivation; this is that beauty which indeed turns the edge of the sword, and makes the spear fall pointless. Every traveller through inhospitable wilds and pathless deserts confirms the grateful testimony of Ledyard to the compassion, and sympathy, and tenderness of woman, and authorizes us to estimate the degree of civilization, in any country, by the degree of respect and kindness which the female sex receives.



*For the Literary Magazine,*

#### ON CLASSICAL LEARNING.

I AM sorry to find that sensible and well meaning persons of both sexes have been influenced by the arguments or the authority of Mr. Godwin. I say of Godwin, for I have not seen the same sentiments in any other writer. He advises parents to give their sons a classical education, because, says he, "they can never certainly foresee the future destination and propensities of their children." This argument is very weak and inconclusive.

He might better recommend the languages of Italy, France, and Germany, because their sons may possibly visit those countries. What humane and prudent parents would require their sons to pore over Greek and Latin, during six or seven of the best years of their lives, without any specific object in view? In the English grammar schools, boys generally study Latin and Greek seven or ten years, before they can be admitted into college.

If a boy be intended for trade or business, a classical education will be injurious to him. It is a common

observation in England, that men, who have been educated at the university, seldom make as active, expert, and successful merchants or tradesmen as those who have served an early apprenticeship, and have been regularly bred to business. Instances of this nature have occurred in our own country. Habits of indolence, or of studious industry, are formed at college, which are inimical to the mechanical processes of trade, and to the activity and bustle of a man of business. If young men, of a liberal education, have a propensity for science or literature, they often neglect their necessary business to gratify their taste for learning. The dull uniformity and confinement of a shop or accounting room, are irksome to men of genius and studious minds.

Mr. Locke, who was well acquainted with the Greek and Roman languages, and able to appreciate their value and utility, opposes Mr. Godwin's opinions. "Children," says he, "are made to spend their precious time uneasily in Latin, who, after they are once gone from schools, are never to have more to do with it, as long as they live. Can there be any thing more ridiculous than that a father should waste his own money, and his son's time, in setting him to learn the Roman language, when, at the same time, he designs him for a trade, wherein he, having no use of Latin, fails not not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which it is ten to one he abhors for the ill usage it procured him?"

We shall find, upon enquiry, that Mr. Locke's observations are strictly true. How few can read a page of Latin, after they have been absent from college two or three years! Men of a liberal education, who are engaged in trade or business, find the superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek, which they acquired at school, entirely useless, and therefore take no pains to retain it.—They regret the loss of the time and money which they have expended

in such vain pursuits. Formerly, it was considered an accomplishment to be able to repeat a sentiment in Greek or Latin, even in the company of ladies; but now such pedantic nonsense is banished from the conversation of polite society.

The following anecdote of Dr. Priestley is authentic, and can be confirmed by the testimony of living witnesses:

In March, 1802, an acquaintance of Dr. Priestley offered to lend him some recent poetical translations of certain Greek and Roman poets. The doctor declined the offer, and replied, that a man of his age ought to be better employed than in reading translations of Greek and Roman poets. Struck with the singularity of this answer, by a man who was conversant with the writings of the ancients and moderns, his friend then asked him, whether he thought the time and labour usually employed in learning Greek and Latin were compensated by any advantages to be derived from the knowledge of those languages? The doctor answered, no, and the conversation ended.

The relation of this anecdote brings to my recollection an interesting anecdote of that prince of classical scholars, the celebrated M. Brunck, editor of Aristophanes, Sophocles, Anacreon, Virgil, Plautus, Terence, and various other Greek and Latin classics, who died at Strasburgh, June 12, 1803. See his Life, by J. G. Schweighauser.

"Long before the termination of his career, while in the full possession of his mental and corporeal energies, Mr. Brunck could not endure to hear a word spoken concerning Greek. He took no interest in the discovery of a manuscript of Aristophanes, which confirmed many of his boldest conjectures. My father could never induce him to read a very beautiful eulogy, composed for him by a German professor, at a time when a false report of his death had been propagated in Germany. I read nothing but tra-

vels, said he to me, to prepare myself for that journey which I shall doubtless soon undertake."

These anecdotes prove the low estimation in which those two great men held classical learning. And, in fact, we find that men, who have mispent much time in study of the profane and fabulous writings of the ancients, generally lament the irreparable loss which they have sustained.

Dr. Lowth, late bishop of London, was better acquainted with the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English languages than most men of the age. He wrote an English Grammar for the use of his countrymen, and advises all persons concerned in the education of youth, to make a grammatical knowledge of their maternal language the basis of the study of foreign languages.

"A competent grammatical knowledge of our own language," says he, "is the true foundation upon which all literature, properly so called, should be raised. If this method were adopted in our schools, children would have some notion of what they were going about, when they should enter into the Latin Grammar, and would hardly be engaged so many years as they now are, in that most irksome and difficult part of literature, with so much labour of the memory, and with so little assistance of the understanding."

Lowth produces numerous instances, from the best English writers, to prove that the knowledge of Latin and Greek does not enable a man to write his own language.

"It has been the custom of our nation, for persons of the middle and lower ranks of life, who design their children for trades and manufactures, to send them to the Latin and Greek schools. There they wear out four or five years of time in learning a number of strange words, that will be of very little use to them in all the following affairs of their station. When they leave the school, they usually forget what they have learned, and the chief advantage they gain by it is to spell and pro-

nounce hard words better when they meet them in English; whereas this skill of spelling might be attained in a far shorter time, and at an easier rate, by other methods, and much of life might be saved and improved to better purposes. It is a thing of far greater value and importance that youth should be perfectly well skilled in reading, writing, and speaking their native tongue in a proper, a polite, and graceful manner, than in toiling among foreign languages. It is of more worth and advantage to gentlemen and ladies to have an exact knowledge of what is decent, just, and elegant in English, than to be a critic in foreign tongues; and, in order to obtain this accomplishment, they should frequently converse with those persons and books which are esteemed polite and elegant in their kind. Even tradesmen and the actors in common life should, in my opinion, in their younger years, learn geography and astronomy, instead of vainly wearing out seven years of drudgery in Greek and Latin."—*Watts on the Mind.*

If the authority of men who have distinguished themselves by the usefulness of their lives and writings can have any influence in counteracting and exploding old prejudices, the inefficacy of a classical education must be manifest. Most of the advantages which the advocates for the languages and learning of the ancients propose exist only in their own imaginations, or perhaps in old books written soon after the revival of literature, and in the infancy of modern learning and civilization.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

I

WHICH intellectual pursuit, among the endless circle of intellectual pursuits, is most worthy of a wise man's regard, is a question which can never be practically decided: no reasoning on this topic can have any influence on the conduct of

mankind. Even when we undertake this grave discussion ourselves, with a view to the regulation of our own judgment, our discussion is either entirely warped and guided by our previous inclination, or, if our judgment should chance to pronounce a verdict contrary to that of our inclination, it will be but a barren, nugatory, inefficient sentence.

There is still, however, some advantage in hearing what can be said on such a subject, and a dispassionate mind may learn candour and charity, at least, from observing that the science he has been accustomed to despise and neglect is not wholly without recommendation.

That study which will find the greatest number of advocates and votaries may be distinguished by the name of *science*. To resolve things into their first principles is the noblest employment of the mind, and that which alone confers a title to real *wisdom*. Without it, the experience of a long life may only serve to accumulate a confused mass of opinion, partly true, partly false, and leading to no certain conclusions — The want of a scientific mind makes many men of business mere plodders, and many men of reading, and even of observation, mere retailers of vague, unconnected notions. Order, precision, concatenation, analysis are all the results of science, yet even this word has sometimes been the subject of obloquy. It has been branded with the epithet of impious by the bigot; of arrogant by the cautious; and of visionary by the dull. It has drawn down the anathemas of the serious, and the ridicule of the light.

A very common topic of railing against science or *philosophy*, is the extravagant and contradictory opinions held by the ancient philosophers. But with whom ought they to be compared? Not with those who have been enlightened by direct revelation, but with the vulgar and bigoted of their own times, who implicitly received all the absurdities which fraud and superstition had foisted into their systems of

faith. If, by the efforts of unaided philosophy, from a people thus debased, could be raised a Socrates, an Epictetus, an Antoninus, what honours are not due to it?

Nor have its services to mankind in latter ages been much less conspicuous; for not to insist on the great advancements in arts and science which have originated from *natural philosophy*, what man of enlarged ideas will deny that the science of the human mind, of law, of commerce, of government, of morals, and, I will add, of religion, have greatly contributed to any superiority this age may claim over former periods. If philosophy, thus employed, have occasioned some evils, a more correct and diligent use of the same will remove them. If erroneous conclusions have been drawn from a partial or premature induction of facts, they will be rectified by a future and more extensive induction.

One of the most material circumstances on which the relative value of an object of study depends is, that it be something real, stable, of general import, and not indebted for its consequence to temporary and conventional modes of thinking. In this respect nature has greatly the advantage over art. Whatever is learned concerning her is an eternal truth, which will preserve its relation to other things as long as the world endures. The motions of the heavenly bodies, the influence of the elements, the properties of minerals, vegetables, and animals, speak a common language to all mankind in all ages, and afford a perpetual fund of use and entertainment. The more wide and comprehensive is the survey taken of these objects, the more they enlarge the mind, and establish a basis for truths of universal application. Hence the advantage of studying them in a connected and systematic mode, and framing general propositions concerning them. In the foundation for these must be a very accurate investigation of particular facts, since the instant their guidance is

quitted, and reliance is placed upon analogical deductions, error commences. Observation and experiment must therefore go hand in hand with reasoning; nor was there ever a true philosopher who did not unite these processes. No employment of the human faculties is nobler than thus taking the scale of creation, detecting all its mutual connexions and dependencies, investigating the laws by which it is governed as a whole, and the economy of its constituent parts, and alternately making use of the sagacity of the senses in minute inspection, and the powers of intellect in comparing and abstracting. The studies which are comprehended under the term physics, take the lead of all mental pursuits, with respect to extent, variety, and dignity. I include among them the study of one of the noblest objects nature presents, and certainly the most interesting to a human creature, that of man himself. To ascertain what he essentially is, what are the faculties of body and mind which characterize him as the head of the animal creation, and what are the variations induced in him by education, habit, climate, and mode of life, is strictly a branch of physics, and has by the best writers been treated as such.

Though nature thus studied is the noblest of all subjects that can occupy the mind, I am far from affixing the same proportionate value to investigations of the detached parts of the works of nature. In these all the grandeur of large and connected views is frequently lost, and the whole attention is employed on petty details, which lead to nothing further.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ENGLISH PUBLIC WORKS.

THE great public works carrying on in Great Britain are striking proofs of the national prosperity, notwithstanding the evils of military preparation, and excessive taxation.

The latest intelligence from thence (within the last six weeks) affords us the following particulars of the state of some great designs, at the close of the last year.

The outward-bound West India dock is excavating, and will, it is expected, in the course of this year, be ready for ships to load in it.

The London dock in Wapping, for the accommodation of shipping from all parts, the East and West Indies excepted, was opened in January. The completion of the wharf, warehouses, and entrance, did not keep pace with that of the dock.

The East India dock at Blackwall is excavating with all possible dispatch; the steam engine house and apparatus is erected, and every impediment in the way of the contractor is now removed. The utmost exertion will be used to have it ready to receive shipping by Christmas next. The Brunswick dock, late Messrs. Perry and Wells's, is purchased by the company, for the East India shipping outward bound. It is to be deepened and extended.

The following are the dimensions of those different stupendous works:

West India dock, for unloading, 2,600 feet long, 510 feet wide, or 30 acres. Ditto, for loading, 2,600 feet long, 400 feet wide, or 24 acres.—Western entrance bason, six acres. Eastern entrance bason, two acres.

London dock, for unloading, 1,262 feet long, 690 feet wide, or 20 acres. Ditto, for loading, not settled. Two basons, not settled.

East India dock, for unloading, 1,410 feet long, 560 feet wide, or 18 acres. Ditto, for loading, not settled. One entrance bason,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  acres.

The commercial road, an appendage to the docks, is three miles long exactly, from the Royal Exchange to the entrance gate of the West India dock wall. It is to be paved, and will be most completely and substantially finished next summer. The traffic on it, in the mean while, is not in the least impeded. The tolls taken weekly are from 80 to 100l., and will be increased when

the paving is two-thirds laid down ; and the trust have further to collect two shillings and sixpence in the pound on all rents of houses, built and building, within certain limits of the road (100 feet), towards lighting, watching, cleansing, and watering. This concern will cost nearly 100,000*l.*, which is all subscribed for, and the division of the profits, like the dock concerns, is limited to 10*l.* per cent. An additional branch to lead to the East India docks, is to be formed, at a separate expence of 20,000*l.*

The grand junction canal is, at length, nearly finished ; only 700 yards of the tunnel at Blisworth remains to be completed, and the embankment at Wolverton has proceeded on with more expedition than was expected.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

DR. GALL'S SYSTEM OF CRANIOLOGY.

DR. GALL, a German physiologist, has lately obtained celebrity by the singularity of his opinions. He has adopted ideas directly contrary to those of Helvetius, as the basis of a system, to which he has given his name. He not only thinks that all differences in the human understanding and passions depend on organization, but likewise that the intellectual functions and faculties are as distinct as those of sight and hearing ; that those faculties have their peculiar organs in the interior of the head ; that all variations of character result from the different state of those organs, the combination of which forms the brain ; that the skull exhibits externally, and, as it were, in relief, the marks of those internal differences. Hence you may, by inspecting it, discover great energy of vital power, a propensity to sensuality, coquetry and cunning, constancy and affection, courage and prudence, imagination, different kinds of memory, uncommon

aptitude for the arts of drawing and music, and the like.

The manner in which Dr. Gall distributes these different faculties in the brain is very ingenious : vital power occupies the centre, which is best protected ; the organs of sense are nearly in the same direction. Those of the other intellectual functions are placed successively, from the inner to the outer. The intellectual functions being, according to this system, the most external, their power is betokened by the great convexity of the forehead, and the obtuseness of the facial angle, which the Greek artists have not increased in their ideal beauties, without giving them the expression of a divine intelligence, and all the appearances of a superior nature.

Dr. Gall asserts, that the portion of the brain termed by anatomists its circumvolutions, confirms his doctrine ; and he has there discovered a multitude of organs, to which the various propensities of man and his different intellectual faculties correspond.

The upper part of the spinal marrow he considers as the particular organ of vital power. It is well known, that, in many parts of Germany, butchers kill their oxen by merely thrusting a sharp instrument between the first and second vertebræ of the brain.

Not far from this, and near the upper and posterior part of the brain, are found the two organs of procreative power ; so that the principal organ of life is next to those which nature has especially appointed to transmit it.

The cerebral organs of the senses, or those parts which form the origin of the nerves instrumental in sensation, are placed anterior to those of vital and procreative power : but they betray themselves, it seems, by no external signs.

Nearer the circumference, and round the central parts above-mentioned, he places different organs, adapted to various functions more or less closely connected with animal life, the farther they are remo-

ved from the medullary and internal parts. Between, but somewhat higher than the organs of procreative power, is situated that organ, which produces nervous and spasmodic affections; above this, is another organ, in which concentrate the tender and benevolent affections; whereas, on the sides, and at different distances, are placed the organs of courage and cunning.

The different kinds of memory, and the taste for music and painting, have organs situated in the anterior part of the brain; those where reside the genius for mechanical arts are near the sides; those of meditation and observation are placed somewhat higher. These are separated by *kindness*; above them is imagination; and below the latter, and near the sides, are the organs of sagacity, of wit, the external marks of which are said to be very perceptible in the skull of the poet Blumauer, which forms part of Dr. Gall's museum.

According to the principles of Gallism, the brain contains several other organs, which give birth to different passions, and different modes of thought.

To be acquainted with all the natural differences which skulls exhibit, you must see and handle them, he tells us, a good deal. In doing this, you must not employ the ends of the fingers, but the whole hand; for it is not great, but slight convexities, that you are looking for, and which the points of the fingers would not enable you to discover.

Examine the heads of some persons endued with particular talents; then observe attentively the whole form of their heads, carefully noticing all remarkable convexities. In like manner, observe the heads of others possessing the same talents, compare them, and notice whether the skulls of the latter present the same convexities in the same parts. The same scrutiny should be extended to the heads of persons whom you know to be destitute of the talents by which the former are distin-

guished. Observe whether any convexities are to be found in the latter, and whether there may not even be depressions. If this appear in several cases, you may then conclude, with certainty, that in the region of the skull which has been so accurately observed, resides the organ of that talent which eminently distinguishes the one, and is wanting in the others.

Similar observations should be made on strangers. Remark, with attention, the different convexities that appear on their skulls, and, according to the observations made, deduce the faculties and tempers of those persons, and endeavour to discover, by diligent inquiry and comparison, whether your deductions are true.

You must endeavour to collect the skulls of persons with the history of whose lives you are well acquainted. This is difficult to be accomplished; and Dr. Gall, notwithstanding all his pains, possesses but a few, among which, however, are some very interesting ones, as general Wurmser's, Blumauer's, and Alxinger's (a celebrated comic poet of Vienna), together with those of some ideots who were incessantly occupied with a single frivolous pursuit. We shall be obliged to content ourselves with busts, which should be moulded with the utmost accuracy. To this collection should be added the skulls of all the animals that can be obtained, in order to compare them with the human heads. The skulls of animals which possess very striking qualities should, in particular, be examined.

We should observe, with the most scrupulous attention, the different symptoms that take place in diseases and injuries of the brain.

In dissecting the brains of a great number of persons of his acquaintance, Dr. Gall has constantly observed a striking connection between their cerebral organs and their principal and characteristic faculties: he therefore scruples not to assign a particular instrument and theatre to

each modification of the heart and understanding. He maintains that our intellectual and moral faculties are distinct, and even independent; that it is possible to exercise them alternately; and that the exertion, improvement, and even the extinction of one of them, frequently produces no effect on the others, which may consequently be supposed to have their seat in different regions of the brain.

A man may use one of his intellectual faculties, while he suffers all the other to lie at rest, and thus beguile the fatigue of any labour, by bringing into action those functions of the understanding which the previous object had not employed. By varying the subject, our studies may thus easily be prolonged, and a brain fatigued by abstruse meditation may be refreshed by reading, and by those pursuits which give employment to the fancy. Besides, a great number of cases might be mentioned, in which different persons have been seen to lose one or more of their intellectual faculties, while they preserved the others unimpaired.

A person has been known, in consequence of a paralytic attack, almost entirely to lose his memory, and to retain only the words *Yes, no, very, very well, not at all, it is true, right, wonderfully*, and others of the same kind.

M. Villers, in his explanation of Dr. Gall's system, mentions an instance, equally extraordinary, of a lady, who, in consequence of an accident she met with during her first lying-in, lost the recollection of every thing that had occurred since her marriage. Such was her forgetfulness, that she pushed aside her husband and her child that was presented to her. This lady has never recovered the remembrance of the first year of her marriage, nor of the events that happened in it. Her relations and friends at length succeeded, by argument and the weight of their assurances, in persuading her that she was married, and had given birth to a son. She believes

them, because she would rather imagine that she has lost the recollection of a year, than consider all around her as impostors. But she believes them on their word only; she looks at her husband and her child, without being able to conceive by what magic she has obtained the one, or given birth to the other.

Instances have been seen, when blows on the head, shocks, the operation of trepanning, and different injuries of the brain, have entirely annihilated or suddenly unfolded certain faculties. Thus Fabricius de Hilden mentions a young man, who, by a fall on the head, was rendered completely silly; and Haller an idiot, whom a wound in the head restored to his understanding. It is well known, that to the operation of trepanning, father Mabillon owed a sudden increase of his intellectual faculties.

According to Dr. Gall, therefore, researches, both anatomical, psychological, and medical, agree in proving, that the different modifications of the heart and understanding are distinct faculties, and that the brain is not one organ, but an apparatus composed of several organs, the diversity of whose parts gives birth to all the varieties of the understanding and passions.

Dr. Gall pretends to discover, by external signs, all the shades and varieties of moral affections and intellectual faculties.

This second part of *Gallism*, which is called the Osteologic system of Gall, is founded on the connection between the brain and its osseous vessel, which must be very intimate, to enable the observer to form a judgment of the internal dispositions of the cerebral apparatus by the form of the skull, and to assign, on the different points of the surface of the head, as on a map, the regions which correspond to the different territories of the appetites or faculties.

On the topography of the head, or the characteristic *vallies* and *hills* which distinguish its surface, the

professor has bestowed uncommon attention, and, in a moment of enthusiasm, he writes : If the exterminating angel were at my command, woe to Kant, to Wieland, and other great men ! And why has not some one preserved the skulls of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Hippocrates, Boërhaave, Alexander, Frederic, Joseph, Catherine, Voltaire, Locke, Rousseau, Bacon, Newton, and the like ?

That he might not deserve a similar reproach, he has left no means unemployed, to collect, in his museum, the skulls of celebrated men. His activity in procuring these precious articles is unbounded ; and at one time, every person at Vienna trembled for his head, and feared lest it should one day become the property of the greedy doctor.

On this subject, many ludicrous anecdotes are related. Among the rest, M. Denis, librarian to the emperor, inserted a clause in his will, for the express purpose of securing his head from the researches of Dr. Gall. In spite, however, of all these apprehensions and precautions, the latter has assembled in his collections several skulls and many busts of celebrated men, but particularly of extraordinary persons, artists, poets, fools, robbers, and likewise of animals, which exhibit, in a very striking manner, the external signs of certain propensities, or faculties, that are never so strongly expressed in man.

In these monuments, which the uninitiated observer beholds without interest or pleasure, Dr. Gall distinctly reads and discovers the history of the persons to whom they belonged ; or, at least, the outlines of their intellectual and moral character.

Dr. Gall first made his doctrine public by his lessons, which he continued without interruption till 1792, when they were prohibited by the court of Vienna, which declared that the new theory of the head was calculated only to turn the brains of its subjects, and propagate materialism.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE CONDITION OF CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

BY some accident, the benevolent in England have had their attention excited by the miserable condition of the *chimney sweepers*. Not only single men have applied themselves, with zealous diligence, to the discovery of some methods of alleviating the evils incident to that wretched class of beings, but numerous societies have been formed for that purpose. Their first effort was to destroy the evil at the root, by offering premiums to such as would devise practicable modes of cleaning chimneys, without obliging any one to go up and down them.

These efforts have been attended with the most beneficial consequences. Several machines have been contrived for sweeping chimneys, which completely answer the end, and the master chimney sweepers have, in many cases, been prevailed upon to adopt the use of them.

A reflecting mind can scarcely fail to enquire, whether the evils, which are deemed of such magnitude in England, may not exist, in a greater or less degree, among ourselves. Is the method of constructing chimneys in America essentially different from that practised in London, by which the business of a chimney sweep is made less noxious and disgusting in *this* city than in *that* ? Is the difference between wood and coal of any importance in this respect ? Or ought our sensibility to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures be blunted, on the present occasion, by recollecting that the chimney sweeper is, in Philadelphia, generally a negro ?

Familiar as we are with the figures of these wretched children in our streets, their forlorn appearance, their naked limbs, bare heads, and filthy tatters seldom fail to excite a momentary sympathy in the passenger. They are justly considered as forming the lowest step in hu-

man society ; and surely a condition, which is justly stigmatized as the *lowest*, must be subjected to uncommon miseries. And though it should appear, that the chimney sweepers in Philadelphia and New York have a lot less deplorable than those of London or Liverpool, yet the actual miseries of their condition may call loudly for relief, and relief may be as effectually given in one country as in the other.

Men seldom allow their attention to pierce beyond the surface, the obvious appearances of things. Our chimneys must be cleaned : the man whose trade it is to do it is called, and, with the payment of the fee, all further attention to the subject is dismissed. We rarely see the operation performed. We are either abroad or asleep at the time, and all that we know is the consequent expence, and the consequent security of the operation. What is the real nature of the task, what its influence upon the health or morals of the child that performs it, what treatment he receives from his immediate master or employer, are considerations that never molest us.

Such appears to have been the case, for many centuries, in London. The same negligence and inattention prevailed among the better classes of society ; and provided the service was well performed, the householder was entirely indifferent to the means. Of late, however, the wretched chimney sweeper has obtained some portion of benevolent regard, and it is not by any means improbable that the profession on its once footing, will, in a few years, entirely disappear.

The means by which they are likely to effect this are certainly well worthy our attention. The population of our cities is incessantly increasing. The business of chimney sweeping, with all the evils that belong to it, must increase in the same proportion. If the business is rendered more unwholesome by the use of coal, we must recollect that the use of coal is daily gaining

ground, and will one day, it is probable, entirely supplant that of wood.

I hope some of these remarks may excite a second thought in some of my readers, and that the subject, which I have thus attempted to draw from its silence and obscurity, may not, the moment I lay down my pen, return again to oblivion.

It may be useful to subjoin to these remarks some account of the machine, which, among many others recently invented, seems best adapted to the purpose, and which is consequently in highest repute.

The principal parts of this machine are the brush, the rods for raising the brush, and the cord for connecting the whole together.

The *brush* consists of four fan-shaped or wing-like portions, which are connected to a squared piece of wood by hinges, in order that when it is ascending the chimney, it may take up as little room as possible, and when descending may spread out and sweep the soot down ; by a contrivance exactly like that which prevents a common umbrella from flapping down, the wings are prevented from falling into their contracted form, when once properly expanded. The substance generally made use of for the brush is what is called *whisk*, but other materials may be substituted if thought preferable.

The *rods* are hollow tubes, two feet and a half in length, having a metal socket of a conical form at the lower end of each, the bottom edge of which socket is rounded off to prevent the cord from being cut. Some of these sockets are furnished with a screw, for the purpose of confining the cord, and preventing the rods from separating ; under this screw is a piece of metal which immediately presses against the cord. The upper ends of the rods are made somewhat taper, and have a small motion in the sockets.

The cord is fastened by a knot at the upper end of the brush, and is passed through the whole series of

rods by which the machine is kept together.

Having first ascertained, by looking into the chimney, what course the flue immediately takes, a cloth is then to be fixed before the fireplace, with an horizontal bar, to keep it close, and the sides to be closed with two bars of the same sort, placed upright; the next part of the operation is to introduce through an opening in the cloth, the brush in its contracted form; this opening is then to be buttoned, or otherwise closed, to prevent the soot from coming into the apartments; then one of the rods is to be passed up the cord into the socket on the lower end of the rod which supports the brush; the other rods are in like manner, one by one in succession, to be brought up, until the brush is raised somewhat above the top of the chimney, observing to keep the cord constantly tight; and when those rods which have a screw in the socket are brought up, they are to be placed up the purchase, the cord put under the pulley, and drawn very tight, and screwed down, by which all the rods above will be firmly connected together, and the whole may be considered as one long flexible rod. When it is supposed that the brush is near the top of the chimney, the person who is working it may move it up and down gently, and he will find, if the brush is quite out, that it will stop on returning on the pot, or chimney. When it is known to be out, the machine is to be drawn down, when the edges of the brush striking against the top of the chimney will cause it to expand; and there being a spring to prevent its contracting again, it will sweep down the soot. The whisk being long and elastic, makes the brush capable of filling flues of very different diameters. If, as sometimes happens, there is any difficulty found in drawing the brush into the upper part of the chimney, the rods must be thrust up again somewhat higher, to alter the direction, then carefully drawn down; in doing

which, the person who works the machine should grasp, with his left hand, the rod immediately above that which he is separating with his right hand, otherwise he may chance to have some of those above loosen and slide down the cord, which will render the work unpleasant and difficult; the rods as they are brought down, are to be laid carefully one by one in as small a compass as they conveniently can be, that they may not dirt the rooms. With a little attention they may be placed like a bundle of sticks, side by side, in very little space. When the brush is down, it is to be shaken withinside the cloth; the spring must then be pushed in, and the brush, which was expanded, will fall into the form it went up. It will be proper to let the cloth remain a short time up (where great cleanliness is required) that the finer particle of soot may subside within it.

If the brush has been unused for a length of time, the hinges, &c. of it must be examined to see if they will move freely, otherwise it may not properly expand when in use. When the machine is used for extinguishing a chimney on fire, a coarse cloth is to be tied over the brush, and dipped into water, then passed up as above directed for sweeping chimneys.

It is now more than eighteen months since Mr. Smart, the inventor, first brought this machine into use, since which the men whom he employs have swept with it about two thousand times. The success and approbation with which he has met, has been far beyond what was expected from any machine which could be worked entirely from below, over and above the principal and important purpose for which it was designed (that of preventing, in future, infants from climbing the flues), the vast quantity of soot it brings down, and great cleanliness with which the operation is performed (where proper precaution is taken), have brought it very deservedly into great repute. One person is sufficient for performing the

whole of the work with this machine, but it will be found very convenient to have an assistant, to give up the rods from the ground, and re-place them there when brought down. Those unfortunate little creatures, whose miserable lot it has been heretofore to climb chimnies, may now be employed as assistants for these purposes, who, as they grow older, will become capable of working the machines themselves; and, instead of being turned off without any employment when their apprenticeship is over, they may continue with their masters as useful hands. It appears from experience that about ninety-nine chimnies out of an hundred may be cleansed by this machine, occasionally using brushes of different sizes and forms as circumstances may require; and the remaining few can probably be cleansed by some of the following means, either 1st, by having a fixed apparatus at the top, with a chain descending down the flue, and a brush fastened to it, which contrivance has already been invented. 2d, By drawing up and down a rope, and a brush, one person being on the top, and the other in the room below, as practised in Edinburgh and many other places. 3d, By firing the soot, and burning it out, as is frequently done in Yorkshire and in country places in America. 4th, By taking out a brick or tile, in the manner now practised for cleansing hot-houses and other flues.

That new-built chimnies may be swept with machines of this kind, it will be necessary to pay some attention to the construction of them. Some persons have already had their chimneys so constructed that they may be easily and effectually cleansed with machines. The mode adopted is that of making the shape of the flues square instead of a parallelogram, with long sweeps at the elbows; a circular form though more expensive would have been preferable.

A very useful purpose, has been answered by this machine, that of extinguishing chimnies when on fire.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### POPLARS.

THE poplar, commonly called the Lombardy poplar, appears to be nearly as fashionable in Britain as in America. There are, indeed, several drawbacks on their indiscriminate use, which experience has discovered; and if the balance be not kept even by new discoveries of their virtues and utilities, it is quite probable that they may grow into discredit with as much rapidity as they have hitherto grown in popularity.

The following enquiry has been made by cautious persons, and the truth of the case is certainly of no limited or trivial import:

Are the roots of poplar trees capable of insinuating themselves laterally under buildings near which they are planted, so as to weaken and endanger the foundation?

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON ALPHABETIC REFORMATIONS.

THERE are few subjects in which schemes of reformation have been more frequently recommended, than in the arrangement and the sounds of the English alphabet. The strange, capricious, and violent anomalies which use has sanctioned in the present arrangement and pronunciation, are evident to every observer, and the young and sanguine, who imagine that truth has great efficacy when eloquently or seriously enforced, are extremely prone to publish their favourite schemes, and even to set the example of a better mode in their own practice.

Experience, however, has long ago shown the impossibility of introducing any scheme of this sort into popular use; and if such a change could be wrought, the *permanence* of any scheme of uniformity may

reasonably be doubted. Though an alphabet were formed, that should contain a number of letters precisely equal to the number of simple articulate sounds belonging to the language, are we sure these simple sounds would not rapidly deviate from their alphabetical exactness, when they became subjected to those numerous combinations that are requisite to form a copious language? Would they be not liable to the same instability, arising from fashion, from caprice, and a disregard of *uniform* pronunciation, that is so much objected to our present language, both oral and written?

Some few of those who have bestowed most attention on the formation of a new and more consistent alphabet, seem to have thought its adoption impracticable. There has not, perhaps, been a more accurate investigator of the formation of letters than Holder, whose treatise on the *Elements of Speech* was printed in the year 1669: yet he was chiefly led to study the subject from the laudable motive of discovering a steady and effectual way of instructing *deaf* and *dumb* persons; and after pointing out the imperfections of our present alphabet, he very candidly concludes—

“It is not to be *hoped* or *imagined* that the incongruous alphabets, and abuses of writing, can ever be jostled out of their possession of all libraries and books, and universal habit of mankind. This were to imply that all books in being should be destroyed and abolished, being first new printed after such rectified alphabets; and that all the age should be prevailed with to take new pains to unlearn those habits, which have cost them so much labour.”

This irregularity might be easily proved to be inseparable from the very nature of language. It is common to all tongues, living or dead; for, if the latter be preserved at all; those that read and speak it commit the same *murder* on its uniformity that they do upon their own.

A great deal has been said, by ancient and modern scholars, on

the true mode of pronunciation, as to sound, and quantity, and accent of the learned languages. From a vain notion that the Greeks and Romans must have spoken their own languages best, their inquiries have almost wholly turned, not on the *true* system, but on the system that *actually prevailed* in old times. I hope none of my readers will laugh at me for this distinction between the *true* and the actual system. The essence of every *just* system must be simplicity and *regularity*; but all the actual modes of speaking languages is replete with confusion and irregularity.

That the Greeks were as culpable, in this respect, as others, might be truly inferred from analogy; but this has, in some sort, been lately evinced by the evidence of hearing. There is a curious paper, in a late volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, containing an account of an interview between the writer and some Greeks, natives of Athens, and well educated men. He requested them to read passages in the poets and orators, and carefully noted their pronunciation, and found it as anomalous, and as totally regardless of quantity and accent, as that of any inhabitant of England in reading or speaking Greek.

“Il n’y a presque pas une seule voyelle,” says a French writer, speaking of his own language, “une seule diphthongue, une seule consonne, dont la valeur soit tellement constante, que l’euphonie n’en puisse disposer, soit en altérant le son, soit en le supprimant.”

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF  
FRANCE.

FRANCE is situated in the middle of the temperate zone, between the 42d and 51st degrees of north latitude, extending 720 miles from north to south, and 660 miles from

east to west, and contains 32,791,253 inhabitants.

Its civil government is divided into 108 departments, 108 prefectures, 417 circles, and 47,458 communes.

Its military government comprises 27 divisions, commanded by 27 generals of division.

Its ecclesiastical state is divided into 11 archbishopricks, 58 bishopricks, 4600 curacies, 31,800 subcuracies, and 80 confestorical or reformed churches.

The war establishment of the army is 554,407 men, viz.

Infantry of the line,	341,401
Light infantry,	100,180
Cavalry, of the line,	14,150
Light cavalry,	68,938
Artillery on foot,	20,656
Horse artillery,	3,229
Sappers, miners, and engineers,	5,873

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554,407

The conscription alone will furnish near a million of soldiers. France on a great emergency, might select her defenders from six millions of men able to carry arms.

Her marine power is inferior to what it was in the reign of Louis XIV, or to what it may yet become under Bonaparte. A navy is not formed with the same promptitude that an army is raised; but France possesses the men, the ship builders, the instruments, and, above all, the emulation of her great nautical neighbour, which are requisite to produce, when the violent restraints of the present war are removed, a navy as vast and formidable as her army.

The nett amount of the revenue of France was, in the year 11, about 115 millions of dollars.

Her public debt demands an annual interest of about 16 millions of dollars.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ENGLISH WEATHER.

THE following summary of the state of the weather, for the last

year, in a central part of England, will enable us to form a juster conception of the British climate, than any loose or popular description can convey:

The mean height of the barometer, for the year, was equal to 29.75; that of the thermometer to 50° 65'. The quantity of rain somewhat exceeded 34 inches. Rain fell on 103 days of the year, which is a proportion of not much less than one in three. It snowed or hailed on 17 days. 144 days were very brilliant; that is, somewhat more than one third of the year. The remaining 102 were nearly equally divided between cloudy and fair.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

MADIELINA.

*A female portrait.*

The writer of this was frequently importuned, by a lively, volatile girl, to draw her character: in compliance with this request, the following was written.

MADIELINA, you wish me to draw your character. What a strange wish, to be preferred by a young lady to a young man, who has seldom seen you, at times and in situations which admit of no disguise, and which draw forth all our secret foibles, and who, at best, has neither a sober nor impartial judgment. Still, however, I will do my best. If I blame you, your pride may reasonably impute it to my ignorance; if I praise, your modesty will naturally suggest some doubts of the sincerity of one, who sets a very high value on your good opinion, and who thinks your smiles cheaply bought, even at the price of some duplicity.

And now to begin: but how? With the person to be sure. Beauty is never of small moment in a woman's eye, and *that* is a cause of deep regret to those, who love true

female dignity, happiness, and virtue. In the passion for beauty, shall we find the source of all the follies, and many of the crimes of women. So common is this passion, that, though a distinction of the sex, it is no characteristic of the individual. And yet had I a seraph's eloquence, it should be incessantly exerted to persuade the woman whom I value, that, inasmuch as she prizes beauty (particularly if she herself be beautiful), is she silly, wicked, or unfortunate. After this, you will hardly expect me to say any thing of your person.

But there is another reason for my silence: my decision would be no test of the truth. The female form generally pleases in different degrees, as it is viewed in different lights, at different hours, and by different eyes. The sentence of to-day, suggested by negligence of dress, captious behaviour, or unamiable sentiments, would be reversed to-morrow, at the intercession of a few smiles and affabilities, or at the pleading of a robe, brilliantly fair, and enchantingly becoming. So, we'll say nothing of thy person, Madelina.

Are you witty? Are you amiable? Are you wise? How hard to answer these questions, so as to convey to the object of our scrutiny, our precise meaning! I am almost afraid to proceed! To tell the truth is not always to make either wise or happy; and, when the truth breeds nothing but resentment or misery, why should it be told? But come, in order to be safe, I will sketch what I think a good character, and leave it to you to find its resemblance to yourself.

The good girl, whom I wish to meet with, has a face that nothing but the soul within makes beautiful. It never yet was clouded by anger; never yet had peevishness, resentment, envy, even a momentary place in it. The perverseness or malignity of others cannot be so great or incessant, as to conquer her patience. Her charity is large enough to take in every offence. Her pene-

tration is clear enough to see the guilt and folly of impatience, in any situation. She has no sullen looks; no hasty complaints; no keen retorts; all is placid sufferance, and heavenly serenity. She is good, inasmuch as she never treats others hardly or capriciously. She is perfect, inasmuch as the injuries of others, so far from provoking vengeance, never even cause indignation, nor stop the current of that charity that flows for all.

She cultivates her mind, by regular and close attention to every profitable study. She has leisure, and the greatest part of it is spent in reading. She deems this an amusement indeed, but also a duty. She indulges, without scruple, that inclination, which leads her to works of taste, fancy, and domestic morality, because she regards these as the regulators, sweeteners, and embellishers of life; but while these are her favourite pursuits, she by no means despises or shuns the more rugged paths of history or science.

Still, however, she is no book-worm, no recluse, no pedant. She meditates and reasons for herself, and her studious hours are betrayed, not by mere literary talk, by anecdotes of authors, and criticisms on their works, by hard words, and formal quotations, but by a certain dignity of thought and refinement of language, which nothing but familiar converse with books can give, and which diffuse themselves through all her conversation.

She is fond of society. The worthy she caresses; the gay, thoughtless, frivolous, immoral, or indecent, she treats, when she meets them, with strict politeness, but she never seeks them, and is at home to them as rarely as possible. She endures their company, when unavoidable, but you cannot subject her to a more mortifying penance.

In her dress, she studies not merely the decent and becoming, but also the frugal. One of her chief cares is to shun all superfluous expenses. She always remembers, that her family are not opulent; that

she has no independent provision. To-morrow may ravish from her grasp the frail and precarious props that uphold her. This reflection has made her a pattern of economy and industry. She is, in many respects, her own laundress, and, in all respects, her own sempstress.

She well knows the magic graces that flow from personal purity and habits of delicacy. Beauty is bestowed by some power beyond ourselves. It most commonly entails on the possessor infinite depravity and folly, and can never confer any real good. A temper, serene amidst the evils of life, and the fluctuations of others, forbearing and affectionate to all; manners, soft, mild, full of dignity and personal decorum, constitute the lasting power, the bewitching grace, the irresistible charm—but if I run on thus, I shall write a volume, instead of a letter; so I will stop here, and ask you, Madelina, in what respects this creature of my fancy resembles you?

Are you studious? Do you spend a certain proportion of each day in reading? Were the reflections of any five minutes of your life suggested by any thing you met with in a book? Are any of the terms or ideas, which occur in your conversation, derived from this source? Are your friends and intimates distinguished by their charitable, devout, thoughtful, and home-loving habits? Are none, of them vain, giddy, ridiculously prejudiced or spoilt by fashion?

Are you diligent and economical? Do you spend nothing upon superfluities? Have you, in all you buy, or all you do, a view to future independence, to be raised on your own efforts? Do you perform for yourself all that decency permits, and that a noble humility, a laudable frugality requires you to do?

Is your temper benign and equable? Do you never repine at the want of those advantages of person and fortune, which others possess? Would not a splendid villa and an equipage atone for many misfortunes of yourself and friends?

But let me, above all, inquire, whether rational piety, its sanctions, duties, and consolations, are any thing to you but empty sounds? Have the ideas of a future state, a pure and all-seeing eye, ever found a moment's place in your thoughts? Are you at all acquainted with that principle, which enables us to love merit, though beautiful or rich, and to look down with pity on arrogance and pomp?

To some of these questions, candour may oblige you to answer, but not without reluctance; and your heart, impatient of blame, may whisper—"I have as much of these estimable qualities, as most others. I can scarcely point out one of my acquaintance, who (no older than I) has more simplicity, frugality, industry, charity, candour, or devotion. If I err, my judgment, and not my inclination, is to blame. I ardently wish to attain all that is good, graceful, and lovely in the female character. I am always striving to attain them, and the failure of my efforts humbles and distresses me.

"Above all things, I want to be reputed sensible and learned, but my poor head will not allow it. I cannot keep alive my curiosity for books. When I read, unless it be some fashionable play or novel, all is tedious, dark, and unintelligible: but I did not chuse my own understanding, and I cannot *recreate* myself; and, though nature will not second my wishes, to reach the highest place, yet I am not the very lowest in the scale. I know myself to possess *some* sense, some generosity, a heart that is both pure and warm, and principles that will never let me stoop to meanness or falsehood; and my great comfort is, that few are better than me, many, *very* many, are worse."

Thy pleas, Madelina, are perfectly just. Inclination and zeal will go far to make us better, but they will not do every thing; and whatever charm there may be in diffidences and disclaimings, it is absurd and pernicious to give up our dues.

I rejoice in thy anxiety for improvement, and applaud thee for respecting thyself. In looking round, *I* also find very few that are thy superiors, but very many that are, in all estimable qualities, much below Madelina.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### ADVERSARIA.

NO. VII.

DULL authors write more than they think; lively ones think more than they write. When wit inspires, and fancy is on the wing, it is impossible for the writer, under the influence of such spontaneous talents and such impulsive faculties, to train or restrain the range of his creative genius to the present lure of whatever subject he may then have in hand. In such cases, all he can do is to arrest their course, by writing down his ideas, for the amusement of his leisure hours, or to enrich some future work, as occasion may call them forth. This reservoir may be considered as a casket of jewels, the beauty and brilliancy of which we contemplate and admire, without any regard to their arrangement.

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It may be laid down as a position, which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he feels a tediousness in life, from the equipoise of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another, but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasing ideas, and is, perhaps, struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

It has been very ingeniously observed by an Italian moralist, that praise is a tax which merit exacts from the world; but if we pay it ourselves, the world is absolved from the debt.

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At a time when it has become fashionable for every self-sufficient coxcomb to sneer, in all the fancied consciousness of superiority, at the intellectual qualities of woman, it gives me pleasure to find my own opinion fortified by that of the learned Vicessimus Knox. He stigmatizes the notion that learning belongs not to the female character, and that the female mind is not capable of a degree of improvement equal to that of the other sex. The present times, he says, and every liberal reader can attest the truth of the assertion, exhibit most honourable instances of female learning and genius. The superior advantages of boys' education are perhaps, the sole reason of their subsequent superiority.—Learning is equally attainable, and, I think, equally valuable, for the satisfaction arising from it, to a woman as a man.

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The oriental poetry exhibits the most picturesque scenes of nature, and illustrates every moral sentiment or argumentative assertion by similies, not indeed exact in the resemblance, but sufficiently analogous to strike and gratify the imagination. Strong imagery, animated sentiment, warmth and vivacity of expression, all of which are the effects of a lively fancy, are its constant characteristics. The accuracy of logic, and the subtlety of metaphysics are of a nature too frigid to influence the oriental writer. He feels not the beauty of demonstration, he pursues not the chain of argument, and he submits to the force of persuasion rather from the dictates of his feeling than from any rational conviction. He endeavours to influence his reader in the same manner,

and commonly excites an emotion so violent, as to produce a more powerful effect than would be experienced even from conclusive argumentation.

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Horace, the politest writer whom the world ever produced, was a satirist, though there is every reason to believe that his natural disposition was not severe. The truth is, he was a man of the world, as well as a man of reflection, and wrote his remarks on men and things in familiar verse, not without censuring them, indeed, but without indulging the asperity of sarcasm. He probed every wound with so gentle a hand, that the patient smiled under the operation. The gay friend of Mecænas had lived in courts, and knew too much of the world to think he could reform the voluptuous part of it by abrupt severity.

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It is not among the least happy effects of a studious life, that it withdraws the student from the turbulent scenes and pursuits, in which it is scarcely less difficult to preserve innocence than tranquility. Successful study requires so much attention, and engrosses so much of the heart, that he who is deeply engaged in it, though he may, indeed, be liable to temporary lapses, will seldom contract an inveterate habit of immorality. There is, in all books of character, a reverence for virtue, and a tendency to inspire a laudable emulation. He who is early, long, and successfully conversant with them will find his bosom filled with the love of truth, and finely affected with a delicate sense of honour.

Through all the vicissitudes of life, he has a source of consolation in the retirement of his library, and in the principles and reflections of his own bosom.

The want of employment is one

of the frequent causes of vice; but he who loves a book will never want employment. The pursuits of learning are boundless, and they present to the mind a delightful variety which cannot be exhausted. No life is long enough to see all the beautiful pictures which the arts and sciences, or which history, poetry, and eloquence are able to display. The man of letters possesses the power of calling up a succession of scenes to his view infinitely numerous and diversified. He is therefore secured from that unhappy state which urges many to vice and dissipation, merely to fill a painful vacuity. Even though his pursuits should be trifling, and his discoveries unimportant, yet they are harmless to others, and useful to himself, as preservatives of his innocence.

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If we consider Swift's prose style, we shall find a certain masterly conciseness, that has never been equalled by any other writer. The truth of this assertion will more evidently appear, by comparing him with some of the writers of his own time. Of these Dr. Tillotson and Mr. Addison are to be numbered among the most eminent. Addison has all the powers that can captivate or improve: his diction is easy, his periods are well turned, his expressions are flowing, and his humour is delicate. Tillotson is nervous, grave, majestic, and perspicuous. We must join both these characters together to have an adequate idea of Swift: yet as he outdoes Addison in humour, he excels Tillotson in perspicuity. The archbishop, indeed, confines himself to subjects relative to his profession; but Addison and Swift are more diffusive writers. They continually vary in their manner, and treat different topics in a different style. When the writings of Addison terminate in party, he loses himself extremely, and from a delicate and just comedian deviates into one of the lowest kind.

It is well observed, by our late venerable president, that every observation in Swift's "Contests and Dissentions between the Nobles and Commons of Rome" is justified by the history of every government we have considered. How much more naturally, says he, had this writer weighed the subject than Mr. Turgot! Perhaps there is not to be found, in any library, so many accurate ideas of government, expressed with so much perspicuity, brevity, and precision.

Vanity makes terrible devastation in a female breast: it batters down all restraints of modesty, and carries away every seed of virtue.

Jeremy Collier, in his Essay on Power, gives a good reason for the *supposed* superior strength of men in the beginning of the world—"to supply their defect of skill." Art and address are capable of effecting many things now, that required bodily strength then. They were at first, says he, more giants in their limbs than their understandings; but when the mind grew larger, the body became less. The same reason he might have added for their longevity also: to make experience supply the deficiency of science.

Plato calls the passions the wings of the soul. According to this metaphor, a bird may be considered as the type of it. In applying this figure to the several characters of men, some to be eagles, others bats, a few swans, and the rest but geese: not one phoenix among the flock. The same philosopher, in another place, styles them the *chariot-horses* of the soul; by which it is implied, that, though strong and fleet, they should be under command. These

Volucres Pyrois & Eous & Æthon,  
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon,

should be restrained by Phœbus, and not resigned to the nerveless hand of Phaëton. Might not this latter allusion of Plato likewise hint a comparison between some souls and cart-horses, mules, asses, &c.?

Lord William Russel was the sad victim to his virtuous design of preserving the liberty and constitution of his country, from the attempts of the most abandoned set of men that ever governed it. True patriotism, not ambition nor interest, directed his intentions. Posterity must applaud his unavailing engagements, with the due censure of the Machiavelian necessity of taking off so dangerous an opposer of the machinations of his enemies. The law of politics gives sanction to the removal of every obstacle to the designs of the statesman. At the same time, we never should lessen our admiration and pity of the generous characters who fell sacrifices to their hopes of delivering purified to their descendants the corrupted government of their own days. To attempt to clear lord Russel from the share in so glorious a design, would be to deprive him of the most brilliant part of his character. His integrity and ingenuousness would not suffer even himself to deny him from that part of the charge. Let that remain unimpeached, since he continues so perfectly acquitted of the most distant design of making assassination a means, or of intriguing with a foreign monarch, the most repugnant to the religion and freedom of his country, even though it were to accomplish so laudable an object.

Before the introduction of printing, the student, who revolted at the idea of languishing in the sloth of monkery, had scarcely any scope for his industry and talents, but in the puerile perplexities of scholastic philosophy, as little adapted to call forth the virtues of the heart as to promote useful knowledge: but since

that important era in the annals of learning, every individual, even the poorest of the muses' train, has been enabled, without difficulty, to consult those great masters in practical and speculative ethics, the Greek and Roman philosophers. He is taught by the same instructors who formed a Xenophon and a Scipio, and can hold converse, in the retirement of his chamber, with the celebrated sages of antiquity, with nearly the same advantages as if he actually sat with Socrates beneath the shade of the plane tree, walked with Plato in the Lyceum, or accompanied Cicero to his Tusculan villa.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### OBJECTIONS TO VACCINATION.

ONE of the most curious facts, in the history of human opinions, is the light in which it is now customary, among medical enquirers, to regard the inoculated small-pox. Formerly, when the faculty espoused the practice of inoculation, the arguments and eloquence were endless which were employed in proving its advantages. The benefits arising from preparing the constitution for the disease, and from selecting the suitable and most convenient season and age for contracting it; the superior mildness and safety of the malady contracted in this mode, were all fruitful topics of persuasion.

Lately, the vaccinating system has obtained the preference: and such is the nature of the mind, engaged in defending any favourite system, that physicians seem not contented with proving that the vaccine is an antidote against the natural small-pox, far milder and safer than the variolous inoculation, but they now discover, what would formerly have ranked the discoverer among prejudiced and silly old women, that, in truth, inoculation has done more harm than good. It has contributed to diffuse the small-pox

much more than formerly. Hence the chances of contracting it *naturally* have been greatly multiplied. It has likewise occasioned more mortality upon the whole, since inoculation does not continually save from death; it is only less likely to end fatally than the natural disease. It is hard to assign the exact proportion of this difference, but it seems to be generally allowed, that more individuals have died of the *inoculated* small-pox, than formerly died of the *natural*. Supposing the latter to kill *all* that it attacks, and the former only *one* out of twenty, yet if two only are sick of the latter disease, *two* only can die of it, whereas if sixty are sick of the former, the deaths may be *three* in number, which is a greater actual mortality by one half.

Those versed in medical history may know whether this consequence was ever urged against the use of inoculation. If it were, it was, no doubt, rejected with derision and contempt; yet now the whole faculty combine to affirm its truth, and, if their reports be true, the introducers of inoculation into Europe were the murderers, and not the benefactors, of the human race.

By recent accounts from Great Britain it appears, that the vaccine has lately suffered some formidable attacks. Its enemies have discovered instances in which the *variolous* has been contracted after the *vaccine* infection; and some have even started a suspicion that the security afforded by the vaccine is only temporary.

These circumstances have excited great alarm and anxiety in the public. Some well-attested cases having taken place in a certain quarter of London, in which small-pox followed vaccination, a medical committee, composed of the most eminent practitioners, was formed to investigate these cases. This committee has published, in its report, a minute and faithful account of every fact connected with these cases. After admitting the regular progress of the previous vaccination

of these children, and the existence of the small-pox, more than two years afterwards, in one of them, for it was only to one of the children that the committee had an opportunity of applying any particular examination, and in that one the disease was marked by some striking peculiarities, as will appear in the history, the report closes with the following observations :

"The committee, however, feels it a duty to remark, that the above facts are not to be considered as militating against the general practice of vaccination. Some well-authenticated, though rare, cases, have been stated, in which the natural small-pox occurred twice in the same person. A few other instances are recorded of persons who, after having undergone the inoculated small-pox, nevertheless took the disease by infection: yet these cases were not deemed conclusive against the advantages of variolous inoculation, nor do they seem to have impeded its progress.

"In every country where European science is diffused, the general preventive power of vaccine inoculation, with regard to the small-pox, has been fully ascertained, and cannot now be affected by the result of a few detached cases, which, by future observations and experiments, may be accounted for satisfactorily. The committee, therefore, with one accord, subscribes to the established opinion, that if vaccination were universally adopted, it would afford the means of finally extirpating the small-pox."

By way of illustrating the assertion that the small-pox may, in certain cases be taken twice, an eminent physician has published the following curious and authentic cases, no less than eight of which occurred within his own direct observation.

A most striking instance of the occurrence of small-pox twice to the same person, is the well-known case of Richard Langford, a farmer, of West Shefford, in Berkshire, which is published in the fourth volume of

the Memoirs of the Medical Society of London.

Mr. Langford had passed through the disease in his infancy, when three others of the family were also affected by it, one of whom died. His face was so remarkably pitted and seamed, as to attract general notice, and no one who saw him entertained a doubt of his having had the disease in a most inveterate manner. It was his custom, from his sympathy with persons afflicted with small-pox, to visit and assist the poor when labouring under it, and in May, 1775, he again took the infection, and on the twenty-first day fell a victim to it. Two physicians, Dr. Collet and Dr. Hulbert, concurred with Mr. Withers in opinion of the second disease being truly small-pox, which was still farther confirmed by others of the family afterwards falling ill of it: to one of whom, a sister of the deceased, it also proved fatal.

In October, 1804, the daughter of Mr. C., of Russel-square, Bloomsbury, recovered from a most severe and dangerous form of confluent small-pox, by which her life had been brought into imminent danger. This child had been inoculated for small-pox, on the 14th of November, 1801, and passed through the disease with all its usual symptoms, both as to the local affection in the inoculated arm, where it had left the common scar, and the constitutional disease. She had the eruptive fever at the proper time, a convulsion-fit, and four or five pustules about the face, which matured and declined, with perfect regularity.

Mr. D., of C., in Devonshire, then of adult age, had passed through the small-pox in his childhood. He was considered by himself, by his family, and by the medical attendant, to be perfectly secure, as will plainly appear, from the manner in which he exposed himself to future infection. When some younger branches of the family were about to be inoculated, Mr. D., relying on his own safety, amused himself by examining particularly

the variolous matter brought by the surgeon for the purpose, holding the phial in which it was contained, upon lint or cotton, to his nostrils, to smell it. He paid very dearly for the indulgence of his curiosity, for, after the usual interval, he became ill, and went through the small-pox, quite as regularly, and more severely, than those of the family who were inoculated. A peculiar anxiety was excited, not only for the safety of his life, but also, in his own mind at least, for the preservation of his person from the dreadful disfigurations occasioned by this cruel distemper, as he was then on the point of marriage.

Miss Sarah H., of Sudbury, was inoculated, when a month old, by Mr. B., a surgeon, of that place. The effect of this inoculation was not any general pustular eruption, which, indeed, has never been deemed necessary to the success of variolous inoculation. The surgeon, however, thought her perfectly secure; and on a subsequent occasion, when some other children of the family were to be inoculated, and Mrs. H. desired that, for her own satisfaction, the operation might be repeated on this child, he assured her that it would be altogether impossible to produce any farther infection. The event proved him mistaken. The child was inoculated, and had the disease in the same way as the other children.

In May, 1788, two children of the Rev. G. O., of W. B., in Staffordshire, were inoculated, with variolous matter, obtained from a surgeon of the first respectability in a neighbouring town. The operation was performed also in the manner recommended, and commonly employed, by this very experienced practitioner. The arms inflamed more rapidly than usual: at the end of a week constitutional symptoms took place, and were followed by an eruption of pimples, which increased in size, and continued to appear in succession for some days; and then, together with the constitutional illness, gradually disappeared,

and the sores in the arms dried up and healed. From a dissatisfaction with the result of this inoculation, both children were, a few weeks afterwards, inoculated in a different mode, and passed through the disease with the most perfect regularity in all respects.

In the latter end of the year 1794, five children of some workmen at the Brades steel-works, near Birmingham, were inoculated with some recent matter taken from one or two only remaining pustules, in a very late period of the natural small-pox, from a child of one of the domestics of the Rev. Dr. Hallam, late dean of Bristol, at Charlemont, in Staffordshire. Of these five two only passed through the disease with regularity, the other three had a complaint very much resembling that of the last mentioned two children of Mr. O., attended with eruptions; a sort of imitative or spurious small-pox. On this account they were afterwards subjected to inoculation with the matter of an earlier stage, and then had the disease in its common form. The two former were likewise inoculated again, but these resisted the infection altogether.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

YOUNG ROSCIUS.

ONE of the most general and interesting subjects of curiosity and discussion, in England, at present, next to the menaced invasion, appears to be the character and merits of a player, by name William Henry Betty, but who is more commonly known by the name of Young Roscius. This title will sufficiently explain the popular opinion of his merit. The press has teemed with publications respecting him, and the ingenuity of biographers and managers has contrived to extract from his affairs the materials of a heavy controversy, in which, however, we, in America, have no interest. Whe-

ther we shall ever be favoured by a sight of this miracle of talents on this side the ocean is a doubtful point. Unless we *go*, or unless he *comes*, immediately, we shall miss the surprising spectacle. The accomplishments of Betty, at the age of twelve or fourteen, are truly prodigious; but the prodigy will disappear with that age. Betty, at the age of twenty-five or thirty, whatever his present attainments may be, cannot expect to be more than Garrick was; therefore it is quite probable he may fall far short of Garrick.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

PORTRAIT OF A LEARNED MAN.

THERE is no kind of reading which delights and instructs me more than that which contains sketches of personal history and character. The well-known imperfection incident to all pictures of human actions or feelings, whether drawn by the actor himself, or by some observer, is some abatement of this satisfaction, but it does not annihilate it altogether. A man must have studied *himself* very imperfectly, who does not see, that a faithful *moral* portrait is impossible: but it would be a ridiculous refinement to despise or overlook these pictures, merely because they are not, what they cannot be, absolutely faithful. In most cases, the defect arises from the incapacity of the relater or pourtrayer, and not from his intention to deceive. On many occasions, the fault consists in *omitting* true, rather than in *inserting* false lineaments: and hence information and instruction is, in some degree, derived from it. Though the picture does not show the whole man, it shows a very large portion of him, and we are more benefited by the *success* of the painter, than injured by his failure.

I have seldom been more pleased than with the following portrait of

a *learned man*. Every man's head is full of the imperfections to be found in a man devoted to learning, especially *ancient* learning. By diverting the attention from the scenes around us, and from the transactions of our own times, and fixing it upon characters and incidents which occurred in a distant age and remote country, erudition is supposed to disqualify its votaries for the common offices of life. The ancient languages being emphatically *dead*, no one, it is vulgarly imagined, can buy skill in them, but at the cost of his native tongue, and thus they are likely to become uncouth and outlandish, from their disuse and ignorance of the great instrument of human communication, speech. If these students chance to have their passions engaged, not by the languages and arts, but by what are called the sciences, and especially among these by the *metaphysics* of antiquity, their case becomes a hopeless one. Ancient metaphysics are classed, by the learned of the present times, with exploded dreams and childish reveries, and those who give their time and veneration to them are deemed no better than Bedlamites or old women. These notions may receive some degree of countenance from the examples of a Taylor and Montboddo, but they are certainly in direct opposition to the lines in the following portrait. It belongs to one, whose passion for the ancients has never been exceeded; who testified this passion not by closet application merely, but by extensive publications; and who was particularly distinguished by his rage for ancient metaphysics: circumstances which greatly enhance the wonder we must feel at the moral and intellectual character displayed on this canvas.

Though the attainments of this man, for which he was known to the public, were those of a man of learning, and especially of *Grecian* learning, his studies were by no means confined to these departments of knowledge. He possessed likewise a general knowledge of modern

history, with a very distinguishing taste in the fine arts, in one of which, music, he was an eminent proficient. His singular industry empowered him to make these various acquisitions without neglecting any of the duties which he owed to his family, his friends, or his country. His survivors possess such proofs, besides those given to the public, of his laborious study and reflection, as are very rarely to be met with. Not only was he accustomed, through a long series of years, to make copious extracts from the different books which he read, and to write critical remarks and conjectures on many of the passages extracted, but he was also in the habit of regularly committing to writing such reflections as arose out of his study, which evince a mind carefully disciplined, and anxiously bent on the attainment of self-knowledge, and self-government. And yet, though habituated to deep thinking and laborious reading, he was generally cheerful, even to playfulness. There was *no pedantry in his manners or conversation*, nor was he ever seen either to display his learning with ostentation, or to treat with slight or superciliousness those less informed than himself. He rather sought to make them partakers of what he knew, than to mortify them by a parade of his own superiority. *Nor had he any of that miserable fastidiousness about him which too often disgraces men of learning, and prevents their being amused or interested, at least their choosing to appear so, by common performances, and common events.*

It was with him a maxim, that the most difficult, and infinitely the preferable, sort of criticism, both in literature and in the arts, was that which consists in finding out beauties, rather than defects; and although he certainly wanted not judgment to distinguish and to prefer superior excellence of any kind, he was too reasonable to expect it should often occur, and too wise to allow himself to be disgusted at common weaknesses or imperfections. He

thought, indeed, that the very attempt to please, however it might fall short of its aim, deserved some return of thanks, some degree of approbation; and that to endeavour at being pleased by such efforts, was due to justice, good-nature, and good sense.

Far, at the same time, from that presumptuous conceit which is solicitous about mending others, and that moroseness which feeds its own pride by dealing general censure, he cultivated to the utmost that great moral wisdom, by which we are made humane, gentle, and forgiving, thankful for the blessings of life, acquiescent in the afflictions we endure, and submissive to all the dispensations of Providence. He detested the gloom of superstition, and the persecuting spirit by which it is so often accompanied.

His affection to every part of his family was extreme and uniform. As a husband, a parent, a master, he was ever kind and indulgent; and he thought it no interruption of his graver occupations to instruct his daughters himself, by exercising them daily both in reading and composition, and writing essays for their improvement, during many of their younger years. No man was a better judge of what belonged to female education, and the elegant accomplishments of the sex, or more disposed to set a high value upon them. But he had infinitely more at heart that his children should be early habituated to the practice of religion and morality, and deeply impressed with their true principles. To promote this desirable end, he was assiduous, both by instruction and example, being himself a constant attendant upon public worship, and enforcing that great duty upon every part of his family. The deep sense of moral and religious obligation which was habitual to him, and those benevolent feelings which were so great a happiness to his family and friends, had the same powerful influence over his public as his private life. He had an ardent zeal for the prosperity of his country, whose

Should the merchants of America, in general, persist in giving the same trouble, as of late, to English merchants trusting them, the necessary consequence must be, that within a very short time, no American will be able to procure one sixpence worth of goods to be shipped for him from London, unless he shall have previously paid the price. America will thus be, in effective commercial wealth, some millions poorer than it is at present. For to the honest, sensible, industrious merchant, and especially to every great commercial nation, credit is more than even ready money; it is the very lever of Archimedes, capable to move the world from its foundations. To the man of confusion, to the spendthrift, to the swindler, it is simply the means of fraud and ruin. We export the patron of America to rob her; their bankruptcy-laws more rigorous, that their public and private credit may become more worthy of a great commercial nation.

For the Literary Magazine.  
SHAKESPEARE'S SMILES.

DAINTIES are said to be dainties only when eaten rarely and sparingly. Sweets, clay, and good things grow stale, by repetition and excess. Some have maintained that these maxims hold good with regard to intellectual, as well as corporeal dainties; but I suspect, the analogy is fallacious. The more we banquet upon poetry, painting, and music, the more is our appetite enlarged, and our relish improved. The deeper we go into these pursuits, the harder does it become to extract ourselves from their allurement, and transfer our thoughts to other objects. Every enthusiast in either of these arts is able to testify the truth of these remarks; and yet I am constrained either to deny the truth of them entirely, or to regard myself as an exception to ordinary rules.

more slowly than in the present year, 1804. In the southern American states, the failure of the crops has left the planters and merchants without means to satisfy the demands of their creditors of this country. One or two honest men among them have written, that, having no produce, they will even sell off their slaves, and remit the prices, rather than suffer their correspondents to be reduced by their misfortune to bankruptcy. But, it is not in the character of many American traders to act this fair and honourable part. The laws of the American states are much too favourable to debtors willing to defraud their creditors. A man who owes more than he chooses to pay, in America, may transfer his property, by a secret assignment, to some confidential friend, suffer himself to be laid in prison for debt, then after a few days imprisonment swear that he has nothing in the world with which to satisfy his creditors, come out of prison free from any claims of creditors, resume the property of which he had made a trust-trust, and renew his business, a richer and more flourishing man than before. This facility of the laws of insolvency and bankruptcy in America have proved fatal to the reputation of American commercial faith. It is certain, that a very large proportion of the bankruptcies in London, are occasioned by disbursements of remittances from America. An English merchant known to trade largely to America would, at that moment, be judged to be, even for that reason alone, of very suspicious solvency. It is astonishing that the legislators of the United States should not perceive that it is of the greatest importance to make the commercial credit of their country as good as possible; and that it is utterly impossible for any country to be very rich in commercial credit, unless its laws be severe against insolvent debtors, and afford the strictest facility to creditors, especially to foreign creditors, in the recovery of their debts.

ture cost but near eight hundred pounds (3800 dollars). As the caprices of the human mind are endless, we have no right to say, that there never was another instance of a similar collection; yet surely the number of such collections must be few.

For the Literary Magazine.

COMMERCIAL REPUTATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

NO man can have much value for his country who is not anxious for its reputation among foreigners; yet this to a native of America, is a most painful solicitude: it brings anger or mortification along with it much oftener than complacency or exultation. Every opportunity of availing ourselves as others are, only convinces us to what a low class our reputation is reduced among foreign nations. Our literary and political achievements are either despised, or what is still more humiliating, they are totally overlooked; our authors, our lawyers, our divines, our orators, our statesmen, are seldom known, except to the friends or correspondents of the individuals themselves, even by name. Our commercial character is more likely to be known in Europe, than our character in any other point of view; and yet, alas, the respect of foreigners seems not disposed to keep pace with their knowledge of us in this respect. What we deserve the following censures, I mean not to decide, but they were launched against us, no longer ago than three months, with the utmost solemnity, and in a British publication more read and more respected than any other that issues from their press. True or false, therefore, their influence on general opinion may be easily imagined. Reminiscences from America (says this historian and censor, who was probably a sufferer by the ful- ure he enigmatically against)

real interests he well understood; and, in his senatorial conduct, he proved himself a warm friend to the genuine principles of religious and civil liberty. My readers will easily perceive, that the subject of this picture is no other than Mr. Harris. But I ought, if it were possible, to conceal from them that the painter is Lord Mahon; but, his son, Thorne is a sacred obligation incumbent on a son to conceal the faults of his father, and it is the natural tendency of personal affection to magnify the merits of its object. What deductions are to be made from the above catalogue of virtues, on this account, I leave to the judgment of candid readers.

For the Literary Magazine.

NUMBER OF NOVELS.

A LITTLEARY compiler in England has lately taken the pains to count up all the novels, translations and originals, which have been published in England during the last forty years. He has been able to form an actual list of twenty-two hundred and seventy-nine. The number of volumes, as these have little relation to the bulk, and none at all to the intrinsic merit of the work, he has omitted to examine; but he calculates the number at about seven thousand five hundred; a very tolerable library, and such as would furnish entertainment, to those who refresh such visions, and whose taste does not very nicely discriminate, for fifty years together, at half a volume per day. Among the strange freaks of literary curiosity may be classed that of a maiden lady of fortune, in the west of England, who collected into a library all the works of this kind, in her own language, which she could by any labour or expense procure. Whether the extent of her collection was equal to the above number is nowhere said, but it could not be far short of it, since her life

I sometimes think myself as capable of feeling the pure delights of poetry as any one living. And yet I open a poem not once in three months. Books of that kind are always within my reach, yet, in moments of mental languor and weariness, I seldom think of sipping at the refreshing and delicious fountains of Milton or Shakespeare, of Virgil or Ovid. I light upon them more by accident than design, but, having once begun, I read with extreme delight. Perhaps I am searching in my bookcase for some metaphysical or historical dissertation, and open the unsightly volume of Dryden or Pope, merely because it officiously intrudes itself upon my eye; but whatever be my haste, however cold the weather, or urgent my occasions elsewhere may be, my attention is riveted the moment it lights upon the page. The pleasures I thus experience, dwell strongly on my memory, yet I feel no desire to renew the banquet. It is, indeed, renewed, but not till after a long interval, and only, as before, by accident.

It was in this manner that I just now opened a volume of Shakespeare. I fell into a controversy with a friend about the exact circumstances of *Agricola's circumnavigation of Britain*. An appeal was made to Tacitus, and with difficulty I prevailed upon my friend to stay, notwithstanding a pressing engagement elsewhere, till I went up stairs and brought down the book. I opened the bookcase, and my eye lighting upon Shakespeare's volume, I just opened it to glance at its condition since my careless cousin L—— had returned it. I lighted on a scene in *Troilus and Cressida*, and never shut the book again till I had finished that play.

While I hastily read, I yet had time for many reflections on the scene before me. Shakespeare, thought I, is certainly a *poet*. A dramatic poet is one that faithfully portrays characters and sentiments, but Shakespeare is likewise a poet in another sense. The ordinary distinctions between poetry

and prose, which are deemed to consist in the arrangement of syllables, in the choice of words, and in the use of *figures*, are as richly and forcibly illustrated by Shakespeare's composition, as that of any bard that has ever existed. He affords numberless examples of the finest *verse*, the most elevated *style*, and the richest *fancu*. If we resolve the works of different poets into mere assortments of poetical furniture, Shakespeare's warehouse will contain a greater number and variety of articles, exquisite in kind, and in workmanship, than that of any of his brethren. It is true, with all that is perfect, we shall find, plentifully mingled, all that is rude and low, all that is offensive to morality and taste; and other warehouses may boast, that though their stock is smaller, and their good things not quite so good as Shakespeare's, yet they have none of his worthless trash and abominable filth.

This plea will, indeed, avail them little. Customers will always flock to that counter, where the best things are to be had; and as long as they have taste and knowledge to discriminate between the good and bad, the valuable and worthless, it is of little consequence to them in what degree the latter may abound, provided they are not obliged to purchase it, and provided there is an equal abundance of the former.

One of the most formal exhibitions of poetical fancy is the figure called *comparison* or *simile*. Accurately speaking, the reasoner and the poet are chiefly distinguished by the aptitude of one to discover *differences* in objects and ideas, and of the other to discover their *resemblances*. This circumstance affords foundation to a great many poetical figures, the most obvious and regular of which the critics denominate *simile*. The ancient poets abound in this figure. Homer and Virgil are for ever *comparing* the exploits of their heroes to the exploits of bulls and tygers, or to some natural appearance, thunder or a whirlwind, and, after their example, mo-

den poets think it indispensably incumbent on them now and then to rouse the flagging attention by a formal *As when, &c.*

In this, as in all other departments of poetry, Shakespeare is unrivalled. No particular excites the reader's admiration in a higher degree than the number, variety, and marvellous felicity of his similes. No where is his creative power more conspicuous; for he frequently invents the object or action with which to compare, and by which to enforce, the object or action he has previously invented. The circle of his knowledge, the stores by which he is supplied with the materials of his similes, has no bounds. The mythological system of the ancients appears to have been more familiar to Shakespeare than to any of the ancients themselves, and he has drawn from that system more materials of comparison and simile than any of them. But the world of modern arts, sciences, and manners was likewise open to him, and his imagination was stored with every thing that could minister to his use in this respect.

Such, indeed, is his store, that he wantons in his abundance. Seldom or never does he repeat the same thought; and though the same occasion may occur a thousand times, his inexhaustible fancy is always ready with unhackneyed images, and of these he is as prodigal as if he were called upon to exhaust himself at once.

This play has, doubtless, much absurdity and ribaldry in it, but in vain shall we elsewhere look for the same abundance of true poetry. Let us take a cursory survey of its similes alone, and see how far they justify the good opinion I have formed of them.

Troilus, in a fit of despairing love, exclaims,

I am weaker than a woman's tear;  
Tamer than sleep; fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night;  
And skillless as unpractised infancy.

VOL. III. NO. XIX.

The energy of these similes is equalled by the elegance of the numbers and expression.

Again, in describing his efforts to disguise his sighs under a smile,

I have, as *when the sun doth light a storm,*  
Buried this sigh in *wrinkle* of a smile.

This passage, however beautiful, affords a striking instance of the kind of error into which the poet so frequently falls. The *wrinkle* is a furrow on the cheek, *produced by age*, though somewhat resembling those furrows which smiles produce, and hence introduces confusion and deformity into this passage.

Speaking of the hand of his mistress, he says,

To its soft seizure  
*The cygnet's down is harsh.*

Ulysses in speaking of the *chain* of attention, with which the eloquence of Nestor bound to his lips the ears of his auditors, describes it as

Strong as the axle-tree  
On which Heaven rides.

A blush often calls up, among poets, the idea of the morning; but mark the way in which Shakespeare has amplified this image, so as to give it all the grace of novelty, and all the richness of a picture.

A blush,  
Modest as *morning, when she coldly eyes*  
*The youthful Phæbus.*

Nestor, speaking of the ability of Achilles to understand a certain message from Hector, says that he would rightly conceive it

Were his brain as *barren*  
*As banks of Lybia.*

Troilus, charging Helenus with reasoning himself into cowardice, says, that, at the sight of Grecian swords, he would set

The very wings of Reason to his heels,  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
Or like a star disorbed.

What more exquisite simile could  
be employed than that of Pandarus,  
who is leading the timid virgin to  
her lover!

She fetches her breath as short as a  
*new-ta'en sparrow.*

Troilus pours out similes; on be-  
ing called upon to pledge his faith:

As true as steel; as planets to their  
*moons;*

As sun to day; as turtle to her mate;  
As iron to adamant; as earth to th' centre.

A lover's falsity, on the contrary,  
is thus illustrated:

As false

As air; as water; as wind; as quick-  
ening sand;

As fox to lamb; as wolf to heifer's  
calf

Paid to the hind; or *step-dame to her son.*

Ulysses, in conference with Ach-  
illes, speaks in this strain:

*To have done is to hang quite out of  
fashion,*

*Like rusty mail in monumental mockery,*  
For honour travels in a starit so nar-  
row,

Where one but goes abreast. Keep  
then the path,

For emulation hath a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue: if you give  
way,

*Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,*  
And leave you hindmost; and there  
you be.

*Like to a gallant horse fallen in first rank,*  
For pavement to the abject near, o'er-  
run

And trampled on.

Time is *like a fashionable host,*  
That faintly shakes by th' hand the  
parting guest,

But with his arms outstretched, as he  
would fly,

Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever  
smiles,

And Farewell goes out sighing.

This catalogue, if confined within  
the limits of a single play, would be  
too large for my paper; I shall  
therefore close with one, than which  
the whole circle of poetry cannot  
furnish a more splendid, a more ex-  
quisite example.

Patroclus is persuading his friend  
to forget his mistress, and go to war.

Rouse yourself: and the weak wanton  
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amo-  
rous fold,

*And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,*  
*Be shook to air.*

X.

### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON MATHEMATICAL STUDIES.

MATHEMATICIANS, in gene-  
ral, regard every other tract of hu-  
man pursuit as absolutely, or, at  
least, comparatively, futile and nu-  
gatory. If it were possible to light  
upon an impartial person, with un-  
questionable skill in the objects of  
his animadversion, I would submit  
the justice of this conclusion to him.  
I should even appeal to him whether  
the zeal of mathematicians arises  
from any other cause than the plea-  
sure which the understanding finds  
in the exercise of its own powers.  
Should he point out the various ap-  
plications of which mathematical  
truths are capable, to the ordinary  
comforts of society, to facilitating  
the measurement of land, the pas-  
sage of the ocean, the building of  
houses, and the like, I should not  
think my question satisfactorily an-  
swered: for, admitting the useful-  
ness of mathematics to this purpose,  
I am far from thinking that mathe-  
matical students owe their zeal to  
the contemplation of this purpose.  
On the contrary, I suspect that the  
ideas of abstract utility form no part  
of their motives, and that their dia-  
grams and symbols would be speedily  
abandoned, if they had no other  
recommendation than their useful-  
ness.

The mind is so formed as to create, if I may so speak, its own riddles, and to find the greatest imaginable entertainment in solving them. In meditating upon two lines, some question occurs as to their relative proportions. The means of settling these proportions are not obvious: at first sight it seems impossible to find them out. At length, after much thought, the true expedient occurs, and the laborious enquirer feels the utmost delight at the discovery.

If this discovery has been made by some other, his labours are directed to the finding out a different method of attaining the same point; and if his endeavours succeed, he is rendered happy. If he should discover a shorter or more simple method than that of his predecessor, his exultation is proportionably greater, and yet the importance which his mind annexes to the pursuit seems entirely the offspring of his own fancy.

I have often been surprised at the folly and inconsistency of studious people. With regard to those objects to which their taste is indifferent, they are irresistibly prone to question or deny their utility. If their own pursuit be called into question, they think it necessary to show some common domestic or economic purpose to which it may be made subservient. They, meanwhile, entirely forget that this purpose formed no part of their motive in chusing this pursuit, and that their adversary labours at *his* tools by virtue of exactly the same stimulus, and in pursuit of exactly the same end as themselves. Mere accident has fixed their curiosity on different objects, and the grand secret of our pleasure is in *finding* what we are *seeking*, without any reasoning as to further consequences.

This is true of all pursuits, but seems particularly evident with respect to mathematics. The pleasure which this science affords seems more purely rational, more intellectual, more divested of all in-

fluence on the fancy, the senses, or the appetites, than any other. Pleasures of the latter kind are more intelligible to the bulk of mankind, because all have fancy, senses, and appetites to be pleased. But those of the mathematical student are resolvable into those which are connected with the mere exercise of the intellectual powers of reasoning and deduction.

This view of things has often occurred to me in conversing with mathematical enquirers. In consequence of dealing in things which exist only in abstraction, the language of this science is more unintelligible than that of any other to the unlearned apprehension. The terms, indeed, of a geometric demonstration are less likely to be understood by one who is no adept, than a sentence of Greek and Latin is to one not instructed in these languages. In the latter case there are sounds somewhat allied to those of his own tongue, and the sentence, if a moral or historical one, relates to objects with which he is previously acquainted; but when our friend talks about the *logarithms of negative quantities*, the *sums of infinite series*, the *calculation of impossible quantities*, the *arithmetic of infinities*, and the like, he is sure of being utterly impenetrable to all but those versed in the same science.

I often burst upon the retirements of a friend who is a votary of D'Alembert and Euler. I find him generally wrapt in deepest meditation over a paper, *with cytle and epicycle scribbled o'er*, of which I can equally make nothing, whether I examine the paper for myself, or listen to the explanations which he always gives me with alacrity. I found him, the other day, wiping his brows, and drinking a glass of water, as after some fatiguing pilgrimage. Enquiring from what journey he had just returned, he told me how many days he had been employed, with no intervals but those of a few minutes at meals, and a few hours in bed, in demonstrating a *certain theorem in spheric*

*sections.* Enquiring what it was, he informed me, that Viviani, and many other mathematicians, had shown what portion of the spherical surface was taken away when the sphere was pierced perpendicularly to the plane of one of its great circles, by two cylinders, whose diameters are equal to the radii of the sphere. They have likewise shown, that the portion of the spherical surface remaining is *quadrable*, and equal to four times the square of the radius. But, continued he, they have not pointed out a remarkable property in that portion of the *solid* of the sphere, which remains after cutting out a pair of such cylinders. Now, after infinite labour, I have succeeded in demonstrating, by the method of triple integrals, that the remaining portion is *cubable*, and is equal to *two-ninths* of the *cube* of the sphere's diameter.

This discovery, my friend, said I, gives you, doubtless, as much pleasure as Mr. Heyne would have derived from lighting on a manuscript of Virgil, in which the half lines which occur in the *Æneid* had been drawn out to their due length by the poet himself; or such as Daines Barrington would have found on recovering the original plan of Cardiff castle; or Barthelemi from a true series of the coins of Hiero the Syracusan. Nay, I doubt whether sir Joseph Banks would have been equally delighted with a new species of blatta, from the bay of Carpentaria, or count Rumford with making a pint of good soup by means half a farthing less expensive than the mode hitherto in use in his own cook-shops.

My friend smiled at these comparisons, and, as usual, pointed out, with great solemnity and emphasis, the superior wisdom of mathematical researches, by means of which, among innumerable benefits, men are enabled to build ships that shall go through the water with the greatest possible speed, and to erect bridges which shall bear the greatest possible weight without flinching: whereas none but dreamers and

idiots would waste their time in looking for the plan of an old castle, from which no instruction can be drawn in planning fortresses at present; in searching for coins which are of less value in the market than the same weight of gold or copper in the shape of a cent or an eagle; in restoring the mutilated lines in a ridiculous story of gods, who were only devils in disguise, and of heroes that deserved to be hanged. What man of common sense, continued my friend, would find any satisfaction in discovering a new kind of cockroach, when our domestic comfort requires that the whole race should be extirpated; or in compounding a cheaper soup than *turtle*, since it can only serve to multiply the numbers, and aggravate the idleness, of the poor?

Bravo! my friend, cried I, I earnestly advise you to sit down this moment and write an essay to demonstrate that all are heretics who do not worship Newton, and that all language, except the language of algebra, is no better than the chatter of monkeys.

w.

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### For the Literary Magazine.

#### MY NATIVE LAND.

AH! how many things are expressed by this short sentence!—there is a charm in it which language cannot describe; it excites all the tender emotions so dear to the human heart; it awakens a recollection of all the pleasures and pains, all the hopes and fears we have once experienced, in those happy days, when, treading the soil which nourished us, we passed the morning of life in the pursuit of innocent pleasures, regardless of that which was concealed by the dark and impenetrable veil of futurity.

When our minds are awakened to a recollection of the disappointments we have met with, the misfortunes we have suffered, and the

miseries we have sustained (considered abstractedly), they seem to exceed the pleasures we have experienced; but when these recollections are connected with the country which gave us being, they lose much of their weight: they seem as trifles, compared to the attractions it possesses, the happiness it has once afforded, and can still bestow. All our pleasures seem heightened, and all our griefs seem lessened; time seems to have cast a softening light over the darker parts of the picture; the different tints seem to mingle; it is no longer composed of brilliant light and gloomy shade; we see them no more contrasted, like the splendour of noon with the darkness of night, but, like the calm beauties of twilight, with blended pleasure and sadness, and pleasing melancholy.

That the love of our country is a general sentiment might, I think, readily be proved; that it is a natural one needs no proof. Among the simplest people it reigns with peculiar energy. As men become more polished, this sentiment loses some of its force, but among no people, and, I think, from no bosom has it been wholly eradicated. Men of reflection, whose minds are enlarged by study, and elevated by philosophy, are apt to weigh the advantages which may be possessed in residing in one part of the world in preference to another, but the untaught and unsophisticated sons of nature ever find the most attractions in their native land; they think no advantages can compensate for an eternal absence from it. Short terms of absence may be endured with composure, but few would wander about the world, if they had not some hopes of one day or other returning to that land where first they saw the light of heaven, and played in the warmth of its beams.

On the other hand, we find that thousands leave their native land, and encounter the inconveniences and dangers of a long voyage to transport them to our own; but this objection to the opinion I have

have been supporting loses much of its force when we consider the peculiar and powerful motives which actuate them. They leave a country where the necessities of life are not to be procured without great exertions; where the little which honest and persevering industry has accumulated is endangered by the violating hands of unprincipled hordes of hostile warriors, or the still more distressing depredations of those, who, by birth, are ranked among their friends; and where large portions of their earnings are applied to the support of a tyrannical government, by whose command their sons, the props of their age, are torn from the arms of their parents, to fight the battles of a prince, whose reign is oppressive and detestable: for one where industry will more than supply the means of subsistence, where its savings are secured to them by just and equal laws, where peace and liberty have established, and, I hope, will forever hold their blessed reign, where the spoiler dares not lift his arm, and the tyrant is held in bondage.

And even those persons leave not their former abode without the deepest regret, without casting a long and "lingering look behind," on those scenes, on which their eyes now rest perhaps for the last time; but motives, more powerful than those which restrain their flight, urge them forward to try their fortune amid those scenes which report and fancy have painted in such engaging colours.

It will be said, they remain here. True. The same motives which introduced them here still prevail, and others are daily arising: the ties of conjugal love, the cares of a family accustomed to the country they inhabit, the consequence they acquire by their industry, in a country where merit is supposed to confer dignity, and many others, equally powerful, which prevent their returning. But yet, in spite of all these advantages, still do they view their native land with peculiar satisfaction; its productions, its cus-

toms, its manners, its manufactures, are all superior, in their estimation, to those of the land they inhabit. These are certainly prejudices in most instances, but prejudices which may be pardoned; they are not those of education, but which nature has planted in their bosoms for valuable purposes, and which, though they may not be evidences of enlarged minds, are still those of honest hearts.

VALVERDI.

*To be continued.*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### TERRIFIC NOVELS.

THE Castle of Otranto laid the foundation of a style of novel writing, which was carried to perfection by Mrs. Radcliff, and which may be called the *terrific style*. The great talents of Mrs. Radcliff made some atonement for the folly of this mode of composition, and gave some importance to exploded fables and childish fears, by the charms of sentiment and description; but the multitude of her imitators seem to have thought that description and sentiment were impertinent intruders, and by lowering the mind somewhat to its ordinary state, marred and counteracted those awful feelings, which true genius was properly employed in raising. They endeavour to keep the reader in a constant state of tumult and horror, by the powerful engines of trap-doors, back stairs, black robes, and pale faces: but the solution of the enigma is ever too near at hand, to permit the indulgence of supernatural appearances. A well-written scene of a party at snap-dragon would exceed all the fearful images of these books. There is, besides, no *keeping* in the author's design: fright succeeds to fright, and danger to danger, without permitting the unhappy reader to draw his breath, or to re-

pose for a moment on subjects of character or sentiment.

I lately took up a novel of this kind, and it having been some time since I looked into a similar performance, I read with some degree of curiosity, and congratulated myself on having fallen on so fine a specimen of the prevailing taste. I cannot forbear admitting my reader to a participation of my pleasure, by transcribing a page or two. All its chapters are so nearly alike that any one will answer, and the sagacious reader need not be apprized of preliminary matters.

Edmund, at first undetermined how to act, now arose, and went down to the next story. The room which he recognized as the apartment of his Adelaide, and which a few hours before was, as well as the rest of the house involved in total darkness, was now, to his extreme surprise, in the middle of the night completely illuminated. He entered: but the object which presented itself rivetted him to the spot. Every function of his body, every sensation of his soul was suspended; a deadly chilling stopped the circulation of his blood: without having fainted, and in an erect posture, *he appeared annihilated*. On a table, surrounded by large *sable* wax tapers, lay a coffin, covered by a *black cloth reaching the ground*.

When recovering from this stupor, the dread of the worst that could betide him quickened his heart to every racking sensation. Twice, urged by despair, he attempted to lift up the *fall*, and to discover by the plate on the coffin, whether his Adelaide—twice the dread of a horrid certainty withheld his arm. During this excruciating suspense, he again heard steps ascending the stairs: wanting resolution to make enquiries, he with precipitation withdrew *behind a curtain* suspended in a corner of the apartment.

A young lady of the most elegant form, and arrayed in *deep mourning*, now entered, eagerly approached the coffin, then turning to

her female attendants, by a motion of her hand bade them withdraw.

Oh, Edmund! what were the ecstasies of thy heart, how enviable thy feelings when so suddenly revived from the dread of losing for ever thy richest treasure, in the beautiful mourner thou beheldest thine. But hush! she speaks!

"Precious remains of an ever-beloved parent," softly breathed Adelaide, mournfully viewing the coffin, "let me take one last look, let me behold once more those features whose image will ever live in my heart."

As she spoke, she slowly removed a part of the pall, lifted up the lid, and in silent sorrow gazed on the countenance of her departed aunt. Then recollecting her own forlorn situation, she continued, her eyes swimming in tears:

"O thou! from whom I experienced——"

She could say no more, but kneeling by the coffin, she reclined her head on the edge of the table. Her tears, her sobs bespoke the abundance of her grief.

"No!" said the deeply affected Edmund starting from behind the curtain, kneeling by her, and taking her hand, "No! thine Edmund, at least, lives for thee."

He was proceeding; but the terrified, amazed Adelaide shrunk from his touch, uttered a piercing shriek, and sunk on the ground.

Her lover, astonished at her action, and excessively alarmed, hastened to afford her all possible relief. He had already placed her on the nearest chair, when he felt himself touch by a kind of wand, and, as he turned round, a deep-toned voice awfully pronounced the portentous word—FORBEAR!

Edmund then beheld a tall figure completely clad in a loose *black* gown that swept the ground. The face of the object was concealed by a veil of the *same colour* reaching his girdle.

"Who art thou? Whence comest thou? Why this disguise?"

"FORBEAR: I CHARGE THEE, FORBEAR!" was the awful reply.

"To thine admonition, in that treacherous garb, I shall not attend; but, by Heaven, I'll know who thou art."

At the same time, while, with his left hand he sustained the swooning maid, by a sudden spring with his right he tore off the veil, that, to his amazement and horror, had concealed the fleshless, worm-eaten head of a skeleton, whose eyes alone rolled alive in their hollow sockets.

This dismal visage was enough to rob ordinary mortals of their five wits, it must be acknowledged.—What wonders may be extracted from a simple piece of pasteboard, painted into a resemblance of a death's head, with two holes, through which the wearer's eyes may perform their part!

o.

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### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE USE OF RICHES.

IF our surprise be sometimes awakened by the diversified modes by which men endeavour to obtain money, there is no less reason for surprise at the modes by which men contrive to expend it when it is got. There seems, in general, as much anxiety betrayed, and ingenuity exerted, for the latter as for the former purpose. It is remarkable, that the more freely men disburse money, and the more prone they are to give it away, without recompence or consideration, the more avaricious are they, the more eagerly do they steal, beg, or borrow from others. The seeming inconsistency in human conduct, which Sallust imputes, as a great singularity, to Cataline, is daily and familiarly met with in all the haunts of human society.

I have seldom met, in my reading, with a more curious instance of seeming inconsistency between the

spirit with which money is acquired, and that with which it is spent, than in the conduct of two Russian brothers, named Narishkin. Their property, like that of other Russian lords, consists in lands and peasants, from which the revenue derived is in nature of a poll tax, each individual paying annually so many *rubles* (dollars) for himself, his wife, and children. This sum is always as much as can possibly be squeezed out of the earnings of the miserable slave, gotten either by husbandry or handicraft. No diet, no garb, no accommodation is thought too coarse or scanty for the peasant and his brats, and all beyond this humble and meagre provision rightfully belongs to the master. As the horse is provided with oats and hay merely that he may be profitable to his owner, so is the Russian boor permitted to provide himself with onions and rye biscuit that he may continue a productive beast to his proprietor.

The Narishkins have about twenty thousand such slaves, from whose hard hands are annually wrung about twice that number of dollars, and this tribute, we are told, is exacted with the utmost rigour. How, may we ask, do they employ this vast sum, whose real value, in Russia, will be rightly judged of when it is known that the yearly pay, maintenance, and equipment of four thousand Russian soldiers cost the national treasury about the same sum. A late traveller shall help us to answer this question. He tells us that the country-seats of the two brothers Narishkin are frequented, on Sundays, by great numbers of the higher classes. A friendly invitation, in four different languages, inscribed over the entrance to the grounds, authorizes every one of decent appearance and behaviour to amuse himself there, in whatever way he pleases, without fear of molestation. In several pavilions are musicians for the benefit of those who chuse to dance; in others are chairs and sofas, ready for the reception of any

party who wish to recreate themselves by sedate conversation after roaming about with the great throng; some parties take to the swings, the bowling-green, and other diversions; on the canals and lakes are gondolas, some constructed for rowing, others for sailing; and, if all this be not enough, refreshments are spread on tables, in particular alcoves, or are handed about by servants in livery. This *noble hospitality* is by no means unenjoyed; the concourse of persons of all descriptions, from the star and ribband to the plain, well-dressed burgher, forms such a party-coloured collection, and sometimes groupes are so humourously contrasted, that for this reason alone it is well worth the pains of partaking once in the amusement.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### VOLCANOES.

A VOLCANO is surely the greatest of natural curiosities, because it is one which bears the least resemblance to those objects which are daily and familiarly passing before our eyes. If a volcano were always insulated in such a manner, that it should constitute nothing but a *spectacle*, the deprivation of it might be reasonably deemed a disadvantage; but this, alas! is never the case. Its devastations extend commonly far beyond the limits of the sight; and even if a sea intervene between us and the flaming hill, the ground beneath us is often shaken, when the volcanic flame is only faintly seen in the dim horizon, emitting an uncertain ray, like the lamp of a beacon, *seen remote*.

Happily for us of the United States, we are exempted from the evils which are inseparable from a volcano. For the sake of this security, we shall readily dispense with the gratifications which the fancy might receive from the spectacle, and which, like all other pleasures

of that kind, would grow stale with repetition.

Those who cannot afford to cross the ocean, must be satisfied with the report of others : but this is one of those things to which a verbal description can never do justice. One volcano, at least, must be seen, before any adequate notion can be formed of another. All our ideas of unseen objects must be drawn from comparisons with what we have seen, but what has any one among us *seen*, what have any of us *heard*, in our native country, by comparison with which our imagination may be enabled to gain a glimpse of Etna and Vesuvius?

I am called upon by one of these describers to figure to myself Vesuvius, near four thousand feet high ; Etna, which is more than twelve thousand ; Pichinca, which is fifteen thousand ; Cotopaxis, or Antisana, which are eighteen thousand ; or, in fine, the insular volcano, which is thought to exceed Chinboraco, and which, were it only equal to it, would still be nineteen thousand four hundred feet in height : I am required to imagine a column of fire more than a mile in diameter, whose height is more than double that of the mountain ; rising from it with a thundering noise ; lightnings flashing from it. The dazzling brightness of its flame could not be endured by the eye, did not immense spiral clouds of smoke, at intervals, moderate its fierceness. These spread through the atmosphere, which they thicken ; the whole horizon is covered with darkness ; and at length nothing is to be seen but the burning summit of the mountain, and the wonderful column of fire.

In a short time the whole of the column turns into a horrible shower of red-hot rocks, flints, and ashes. Monstrous burning masses are seen bounding and rolling down the side of the mountain. Woe be to those places which lie in the direction of the wind prevailing at the time of this tremendous shower ! Pompeii,

VOL. III. NO. XIX.

Herculaneum, and Stabia, three towns to the south-west of Vesuvius, disappeared, about seventeen centuries ago, by a similar occurrence, and it was only in the eighteenth century that they were discovered. A column, such as we have described, broke over them and the land about them : they were buried more than fifty feet under a mass of ashes and calcined flints, which was further covered by a bed of lava several feet deep. If the wind be strong, these cinders are carried to the distance of two, three, and four hundred miles. Nay, there is indubitable evidence that, on one occasion, the ashes of Etna were blown to Constantinople, a distance of *a thousand miles*, in such quantities, that the day was darkened as by a pitchy cloud, and the roofs and pavements covered with volcanic cinders more than two inches deep.

These wonderful facts, to which I cannot refuse my belief, aid me not at all in conjuring up the sensations which one of these eruptions must produce upon a near spectator. Before I can talk of a volcano as a spectacle, I must patiently wait for that turn of fortune, which shall place me at the foot of Vesuvius, or *on the hoarse Trinacreeon shore*.

R.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### AMERICAN MANNERS.

AN American who pays any attention to foreign literature has perpetual occasion for surprise at the representations which he meets with of his own country, not only among foreigners, but among those who are natives of America. The grand error of the last is the propensity to confound the United States, in general, with some particular state or district. They seem to be entirely unmindful that the

United States are no more than a league of several nations, in many important respects as dissimilar to each other as any two nations of Europe. In climate, we have, of course, all the varieties between the south of Spain and the north of England; but in our manners and habits, social and political, we are, in many particulars, as unlike each other as the Provencals and Livi-  
nians.

The following particulars of the mode in which internal trade is carried on in America, are given by a person who resided twenty years in the United States. They were no doubt very new and surprising to European readers, but I much doubt whether nine out of ten among American readers will not regard them with the same wonder. The book in which they are contained was published in London only four years ago.

As the easy reared horse of *America* (and even him habit continues to import from *England*, notwithstanding many advantages of superior propagation) affords himself and rider an easy and agreeable mean of transfer to every little neighbouring race-ground, or some such place of frequent meetings, among some classes of the people the custom has followed of converting every little casual convention of this kind into a sort of fair for buying and selling, and for exchanging surplus commodities, which are frequently bartered in kind. Sometimes several sorts are given for a horse or cow, or several of these for a piece of land, &c., without the *intervention of any circulating coin*.

This species of traffic is termed *trucking* or *trading*; and at some places you are, thus asked, in local phrase, to *truck* or *trade* for a horse, a cow, or a little *tackie*, a term which signifies a poney, or little horse, of low price. Or you are perhaps told, that such a one wishes to give you *trade* for your horse: this bargain is considered to imply value for value, at a fair price set

upon various articles agreed upon; sometimes settling this price by mutual agreement of the parties, and at other times having recourse to what is called *sending out*: for example, *I will truck for your horse, with such and such articles, and send out*. If the party proposed to agrees to this proposition, each party chooses an indifferent bystander; the two examine the articles to be exchanged. These arbitrators then retire, and report the prices affixed on their return to the company, always fixing the forfeit to be paid in punch, &c., to the company, by the party who refused to abide by the award; which is optional in either, on paying the forfeit to the company. If the bargain takes place, both parties are almost sure to *treat*, and, perhaps, many more of the company will do the same; which creates a great deal of mirth and good-humour among all but those who happen to be, sometimes, disposed to interrupt rural harmony with high-bred airs.

Sometimes two *black balls* and two *white ones* are put into a hat: if both take white balls, the bargain is fixed in all events, let who may lose by it, for this optional ceremony precedes the report; if both take black balls, both must treat the company; if one black and the other white, the black pays for the punch.

In some cases, the consenting party draws a straw from the hand of the referees: if he gets the longest straw, he is at option on the disclosure of terms; if he gets the short one, he is bound. If he refuses, *at option*, he pays the *punch*; the proposing party is bound *ab initio*.

Such are the *merry laws* of horse-swapping and trucking. I am thus particular in regard to them, not merely on the ground of novelty: they are intimately related to the doctrine of supply and demand, which they tend to elucidate; and they form a strong link in those benevolent maxims of hospitality, which I hope never to see the Americans abridge.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

GOVERNMENT OF LOUISIANA, AS  
ORGANIZED BY LAW, MARCH 3,  
1805.

THE executive power is vested in a governor, to reside in the territory, and hold his office three years, unless sooner removed by the president of the United States. He is commander in chief of the militia; superintendant, *ex officio*, of Indian affairs; and appoints all officers in the same, below the rank of general officers; has power to grant pardons for offences against the same, and reprieves for those against the United States, till the decision of the president is known.

There is a secretary, whose commission is for four years, unless sooner revoked by the president, who resides in the territory, and whose duty it is, under the direction of the governor, to record and preserve all the papers and proceedings of the executive, and all the acts of the governor and the legislative body, and to transmit copies of the same, every six months, to the president. In case of vacancy in the office of governor, the government is exercised by the secretary.

The legislative power is vested in the governor and in three judges, or a majority of them, who have power to establish inferior courts and prescribe their jurisdiction and duties, and to make all laws which they may deem necessary. No law is valid which is inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the United States, or which shall lay any person under restraint or disability on account of religious opinions, profession, or worship. In all criminal prosecutions, a jury shall try, and, in all civil cases, of the value of one hundred dollars, the trial shall be by jury, if either party require it. The governor publishes throughout the territory all the laws

which may be made, and from time to time reports them to the president, to be laid before congress, which, if disapproved by congress, shall thenceforth cease.

There are three judges, to hold their offices four years, who, or any two of them, hold annually two courts within the district, at such place as is most convenient to the inhabitants in general, and possess the jurisdiction of the judges of the Indiana territory, and continue in session till all the business before them is disposed of.

The governor proceeds, from time to time, as circumstances require, to lay out those parts of the territory, in which the Indian title is extinguished, into districts, subject to such alterations as may be found necessary; and appoints magistrates and civil officers, whose powers are to be defined by law.

The governor, secretary, and judges receive the compensation established for similar offices in the Indiana territory.

The governor, secretary, judges, justices of the peace, and all other officers, civil or military, before they enter upon duty, take an oath, or affirmation, to support the constitution of the United States, and for the faithful discharge of the duties of their office; the governor before the president, or a judge of the supreme or district court of the United States, or such person as the president shall authorize to administer the same; the secretary and judges before the governor; and all other officers before such person as the governor directs.

All the above-named officers are appointed by the president, in the recess of the senate, but nominated, at their next meeting, for their advice and consent.

The laws in force in the district, at the commencement of this act, and not inconsistent with it, continue in force till altered, modified, or repealed by the legislature.

W.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

VANITY.

VANITY is commonly judged of by external appearances : he who *betrays* his desire of applause most, who practices most assiduously the tricks and stratagems by which approbation can be gained, is deemed the vainest man ; but this distinction seems to be groundless. The difference between him who does this, and him who does it not, seems to imply, not a difference in their vanity, that is, in their desire of applause, but only in their judgment as to the best means of gaining the approbation they desire.

Some minds are so firmly and forcibly convinced, that praise is always withheld with an obstinacy proportioned to the importunity with which it is exacted or besought ; that men bestow applause and attribute merit just in that degree in which it is disclaimed or shunned ; that their vanity, or desire of applause, produces in them all the symptoms of extreme diffidence and modesty. They carefully forbear introducing themselves and their exploits into conversation. They even take pains to lead away our thoughts from every thing connected with their own merits. Instead of assuming the merit of offices or performances which belong to others, they even disclaim what is properly their due, and take the same pains to make their good actions be ascribed to others, which some take to appropriate the praise of deeds not their own. And all this they do, in submission to a violent and fervent love of praise ; and merely because observation and experience teach them that this is the only sure road to the goal of their ambition. Such persons are thought the reverse of vain ; but, if it be allowed that the passion for praise will most successfully attain its object by a system of reserve and exterior diffidence, and that it is possible for a man to have the perception of this

truth, united with this passion, it follows, that the most seemingly diffident may be the most vain.

Vanity, however, is generally ascribed to those who make their own good opinion of themselves manifest, and who take obvious, and, of course, self-defeating methods of obtaining the praise they deem their due. The mere desire of applause, and the consciousness of deserving it, do not entitle a man to be called vain ; he must also evince such a weakness of judgment, as leads him to defeat his own purpose, by the means made use of to attain it.

W.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Michael Angelo had finished his painting of the day of judgment, the most serious exception made to the general composition, by his contemporaries, was that of violating decorum, in representing so many figures without drapery. The first person who made this objection was the pope's master of the ceremonies, who, seeing the picture when three parts finished, and being asked his opinion, told his holiness, that it was more fit for a brothel than the pope's chapel. This circumstance caused Michael Angelo to introduce his portrait into the picture with ass's ears ; and, not overlooking the duties of his temporal office, he represented him as master of the ceremonies in the lower world, ordering and directing the disposal of the damned ; and, to heighten the character, wreathed him with a serpent, Dante's well known attribute of Minos.

It is recorded, that the monsignore petitioned the pope to have this portrait taken out of the picture, and that of the painter put in its stead ; to which the pope is said to have replied, " had you been in purgatory, there might have been

some remedy, but from hell '*nulla est redemptio.*'

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE LATEST NEWS, LITERARY  
AND PHILOSOPHICAL, FROM EU-  
ROPE.

*Great Britain.*

MR. MURPHY has undertaken the publication of a series of engravings from the most esteemed masters, ancient and modern, illustrating the history of the propagation of the gospel, and its coincidence with the predictions of the prophets. In the arrangement of the work, he proposes to exhibit it in two divisions, the first to comprehend, in twenty-five plates, an illustration of such passages in the Gospels, and Acts of the Apostles, as are of a picturesque kind, with a supplementary print of Daniel interpreting the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. The second part to represent the combat of Religion with the Roman power, from its rise to its establishment under Constantine; together with the subjection of the barbarous nations to the cross; in which the particular exertions of the ministers of Christ in propagating his religion will be displayed. Several of these plates are already executed by Smirke and other first artists, and are very favourable indications of Mr. Murphy's undertaking.

Mr. Hayley's new poem, entitled the Triumph of Music, is ready for publication, in quarto.

The Memoirs of the Life of Lee Lewes, for which he left behind him the most ample documents, will be published by his son, John Lee Lewes, Esq., of Liverpool, in the course of the month of January.

Mrs. Barbauld's Selection of Choice Papers from the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, with notes and a preface, has been lately published, in three volumes, with a cheaper edition for schools.

A translation is in the press of the Posthumous Works of Marignac. They consist of the life of that celebrated writer, and of some miscellaneous pieces. The life is peculiarly interesting, not only for the facts and anecdotes with which it abounds, but on account of its having been written expressly for the confidential perusal of the author's children.

The History of modern and contemporary Voyages and Travels has already proceeded with the grand picturesque Travels of M. Cassas in Istria and Dalmatia, with Kuttner's Travels in Denmark and Sweden; and the third number begins the late Travels in the Back Settlements of North America, by M. Michaux, which will be completed with the two preceding works in the first volume. The three first numbers of this Journal are enriched by a recent original Tour to Constantinople, and by copious analyses of Woodward's Shipwreck, Kotzebue's Travels, and Grant's Voyage. Other important recent voyages and travels are in a state of preparation for the subsequent numbers; and the editors promise every valuable work in this branch of literature, as soon as it appears.

Dr. Carey had just ready for publication, "*A Key to As in presenti,*" &c. intended to facilitate to young beginners the application of Lily's Metrical Rules.

A new edition of Mr. Malthus's Essay on Population was preparing for publication.

Dr. Milne's Botanical Dictionary was ready for publication. This edition embraces all the modern improvements, and being embellished by the first artists of the country, will be justly considered as valuable to students and proficients in botany.

A new edition of the Life of Agricola, and an Account of the Ancient Germans, translated from Tacitus, by Dr. Aikin.

A general Treatise on Cattle, including their Breed, Management, and medical Treatment, by Mr. Lawrence.

Dr. Thornton's Answer to the various Objections raised against Vaccination, with Proofs of the Efficacy of the Cow Pock, intended principally for the Use of Families.

By Mr. Andrews, the author of the Botanist's Repository, and the Engravings of Heaths, in folio, in monthly numbers, an elegant work, on that extensive and distinguished tribe of plants, the Heaths, which are in such great request for the green-houses of the curious. It is called the *Heathery*, or a Monograph of the Genus *Erica*; and each number contains six coloured engravings, with Latin and English Descriptions, Dissections, &c. Its size, which is 8vo, renders it an agreeable and convenient green-house companion, and leaves the splendid folio work entirely for the library, to which it is best adapted. The work will be continued till it comprises all the known species of Heaths.

At the close of 1804, the following works were on the eve of publication or just published :

A new edition of Dr. Smith's History of the Peloponnesian War, translated from the Greek of Thucydides, with revisions; and a life and fine portrait of the translator.

Mr. Parkins's Tour in America.

A fourth edition of Mr. Nicholson's Introduction to Natural Philosophy, with new chapters on chemistry and galvanism, and additional plates.

A story, by Miss Edgeworth, entitled, *The Modern Griselda*.

Mr. Keily's third edition of his Treatise on Book-keeping, with many valuable additions.

By Mr. Delapond, who, during forty-five years of a life devoted to naval service, frequently discharged the functions of deputy judge advocate to the fleet, a Treatise on Naval Courts Martial. This treatise does not exhibit a mere recapitulation of forms and precedents; but, after enquiring into the origin of naval judicial institutions, aspires to explain the principles on which they are founded; the laws and regulations

by which they are governed; and to point out those defects yet to be remedied in a system possessing much inherent excellence. Such a work, comprised as it is in one moderate octavo volume, cannot but prove acceptable to naval officers in general, among whom it has long been a desideratum.

An extensive work representing the present fashionable household furniture and interior decorations, studied from antique examples, Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman, composed according to the present very elegant and superb taste of decorating the mansions of the principal nobility; the classical style of which has been some time prevalent in France, by G. Smith, upholster extraordinary to the prince of Wales. The first part, containing fifty plates, large quarto, is published. Some copies will be coloured, showing the splendid decorations according to the original drawings.

A new edition of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne's Letters, with a life of the author, the late W. Melmoth, Esq.

The first Fasciculus of the British Conserve, by Dillwyn.

By R. A. Riddell, a Picturesque View of the principal Mountains of the World, with their actual heights, from the best authorities, and a scale of comparative altitudes, applicable to the picture, designed and executed by himself. It is accompanied by a historical and picturesque account of mountains, their mineral and other productions, &c., by Mr. Joseph Wilson, of Lincoln's Inn. The size of the engraving is 4 feet by 3, and the scale is 35 inches to 22,000 feet.

Mr. Lindley's Account of a Voyage to Brazil.

#### USEFUL IMPROVEMENTS AND DISCOVERIES.

A new economical lamp applicable to domestic purposes, and which possesses the valuable property of effecting the perfect combustion of

common lamp-oil, of half the price of spermaceti-oil, so as to yield a cheerful, durable, and steady light, without producing the least smoke or smell.

All the shares have been engaged in Windsor's company for producing light and heat by means of ignited gaz. On this plan a house is to be heated and lighted by means of gaz, produced in a remote part of the premises, and conducted by pipes into the various rooms. The company propose in like manner to light the streets of a whole parish, a theatre, light-house, or any public building, by means of gaz, preserved in reservoirs, and ignited at the apertures of the pipes out of which it issues into the atmosphere.

Mr. Jamison has invented a machine, whereby the error of a time-keeper may be ascertained at sea without observation. The great purpose of this invention is to prove whether the chronometer of a watch has varied from its given rate at the Greenwich observatory, or any other place, the situation of which is known; so that the navigator will have the same advantage of comparison as he would have by a regulator on shore.

The same George Jamison proposes to publish a work on the progressive efforts of human ingenuity; in which will be described the pretensions and discoveries of the most admired mechanics of every age and country; interspersed with curious anecdotes, and illustrated with numerous plates.

The Society for the Encouragement of Sunday Schools, since its establishment, has afforded aid, either in books or money, to 2329 schools, containing 206,884 scholars; for whose use, they have distributed 92,854 Spelling-books, 44,517 Testaments, and 6,701 Bibles; besides a sum of 4,122l. 14s. 8d. granted for the payment of such teachers in those schools as required pecuniary reward.

Another new metal in crude platina, has been discovered, to which there has been given the name of

rhodium. It is dissolved, together with the platina, in nitro-muriatic acid. From this solution, the platina being thrown down by sal-ammoniac, a plate of zinc precipitates all the other metals except iron. The black powder, thrown down by the zinc, is digested in very weak nitric acid, to dissolve any copper. The whole is then dissolved in nitro-muriatic acid. Mix the solution with common salt, evaporated to dryness by a very gentle heat; wash the residuum with alcohol, till the alcohol comes off colourless; what remains behind is a soda-muriat of rhodium. Dissolve it in water; add a cylinder of zinc. Heat the black powder which is thus obtained, mixing it with borax. The powder becomes white, and acquires a metallic lustre: in this state it is pure rhodium. The name was given in consequence of the fine red solutions which it makes with acids. It is infusible: its specific gravity is 11. It is not precipitated by sal-ammoniac, common salt, prussiat of potash, or hydro-sulphurat of ammonia.

A farmer at Warcot, in Yorkshire, had, during the year 1804, seventy lambs from twenty-four ewes; the lambs were all strong and healthy, and the increase is supposed to have arisen from having turned the ewes into rape prior to the ram being put among them.

T. Brown, of St. Ives, has invented an implement for cleansing land from every kind of weed. It may be worked, by two, three, or four horses, and requires but a single person to attend it, and that is the driver, as it will keep steady to its work by itself. By employing two sets of horses, it will clean from six to eight acres each day. The price of the machine, with wheels, twenty guineas; and, without wheels, sixteen guineas.

The usual process of blasting rocks with gunpowder is, after drilling a hole, and charging it with powder, to introduce a wire or small rod, to preserve a communication with the fuzee, and then to ram up the remainder of the hole with stone

pulverized by the operation of ramming it; after which, the wire is withdrawn, and the priming introduced. Instead of this tedious operation, which is often attended with danger, the blasting may be effected by introducing a straw filled with fine gunpowder, and then filling the hole with sand.—*Experiment*: Mr. Jessop caused a hole, one inch and a half in diameter, and twelve inches deep, to be bored in a knotty piece of oak twenty inches in diameter; he charged it with three inches of powder, and upon it was laid four inches of sand, which split the wood, with great violence, into six pieces.

In consequence of the great exertions of Dr. Griesbach to present to the public the text of the Greek Testament in the utmost state of purity which circumstances would admit, the duke of Grafton, for the accommodation of his countrymen, liberally provided at his own expence the paper for a large number of impressions to be sent to England, with the view of furnishing, at a very reduced price, a sufficient number of copies for the general demand. The first volume accordingly, containing the four gospels, was reprinted by Dr. Griesbach, with every considerable improvements: and whence the avidity with which it was received on the continent, induced Mr. Goschen to reprint it, with all the improvements which the typographic art could confer; and, that no advantages might be wanted, he hath obtained from Dr. Griesbach to bestow on the edition his further revisional cares; so that for beauty and accuracy no book has ever issued from the press in a higher state of perfection. It is not, however, to be understood, that this edition is intended to supersede the last, which is called, for the sake of distinction, the duke of Grafton's, and the critical edition; but is built upon it as its foundation, all the authorities for fixing the text being given only in that; the second and concluding volume of which is to be published next year, when the

two volumes, to complete the more splendid one, will also make their appearance. It will be proper, however, to observe, in respect to this edition, that the work is not only printed with unexampled accuracy and beauty, on the best paper, and adorned with exquisite engravings, (which last we consider as a *hors d'œuvre*) but presents, under the most simple method of estimating their value, four sorts of various readings:—1. Those admitted into the text as of most validity. 2. Such as are nearly of equal authority placed in the margin, and distinguished by the letter  $\beta$ . 3. Those which are of less value distinguished by  $\gamma$ , and added in like manner as deserving consideration. 4. Others in themselves improbable, but preserved either because they had obtained the suffrages of critics, or were remarkable on some other account. Where a change of punctuation has been adopted, the instance is marked by  $\epsilon$ ; conjectured amendments are distinguished by an  $\alpha$ ; and where the Elzevir or Wetstein's text is departed from the common reading is given below, and is distinguished by  $\kappa$ , for  $\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\upsilon\tau\eta$ . It is to be noticed, that the types of this splendid work are entirely new. Their forms have been selected, by several distinguished scholars of Germany, from the manuscripts of most admired calligraphy, and are fixed upon as the standard of their future Greek types.

On a small size, of the same formed letter, two volumes also of a new edition of Homer, containing the Iliad, under the care of the celebrated professor Wolfe, has issued from the same press. The former edition of this poet, by the same critic, has proved how eminently he is qualified for such an undertaking; and the text of the divine Greek has never yet appeared in so chaste and classical a taste. This work is exhibited on three papers, two of them embellished with ornamental engravings, and the third with the beautiful designs of Flaxman, in a size skilfully reduced.

Mr. Goschen has undertaken to publish the Latin Classics at large. These will appear under the superintendence of professor Eichstadt and other eminent scholars with every advantage that a collation of manuscripts, an examination of commentaries, and every other aid can supply. These editions will be printed on paper of various sizes and excellence, for general accommodation, and in particular for the use of schools. In this last point of view they will be particularly interesting, since nothing can be more discreditable than the school classics which are at present in use amongst us. From the parts already published of Cicero, &c., we may augur every thing in favour of Mr. Goschen's undertaking; and we sincerely wish his remuneration may be fully equal to his merits.

The remains of Fenelon, which were supposed to have been removed, during the revolution, from the place where they were deposited in the cathedral of Cambray, have been found uninjured in his vault, which was not demolished with the rest of the church; and a subscription will be opened for the purpose of erecting to the immortal author of *Telemachus* a monument worthy of him.

The royal library in Copenhagen, has lately received a considerable addition of Italian books, which were purchased by professor Engelsloft, in Italy. The king has likewise purchased for this library, the late Mr. Utdall's fine collection of Greek and Latin classics.

The French prefect on the left bank of the Rhine has, in consequence of instructions from the minister of police, prohibited the importation of Hamburgh, Leyden, Aschaffenburgh, and Frankfort journals, and all foreign works, which from their title, &c. may be suspected to interfere with the internal affairs of the French government.

The Batavian Society of Sciences at Haarlem has offered a gold medal of thirty ducats for the best

solution of each of the following questions. "What are the general principles of our knowledge of the nature of fire, relative to the production, propagation, and concentration of heat; and an acquaintance with which is necessary for ascertaining the most advantageous mode of employing it, and of constructing, according to these principles, fire-places calculated to save fuel? What progress has the new system of chemistry made in the science of the human body? Has this progress contributed to make us better acquainted with the causes of diseases? Has the new system of chemistry extended our knowledge of the effects of medicines, both ancient and modern; and what advantages may be derived from that knowledge, in the treatment of diseases? What are the causes of the putrefaction which takes place in stagnant waters, and by what means may water be preserved from putrefaction?"

A private individual of Petersburg possesses one of the most ancient manuscripts that exists in the Russian language. It is of the year 1066, is written on parchment, and embellished with very beautiful paintings in miniature, executed by Greek artists. It is a *Lectionarium*, or Extract from the Gospels, for the use of the Greek church, and is a monument of the state of the arts in the eleventh century.

The geographical dictionary of the Russian Empire, undertaken in 1801, at Moscow, by Maximus Witsch, and some other able geographers, has lately been resumed, and promises descriptions equally curious and detailed, together with accurate maps of every part of that vast empire.

An account of the Travels of the Russian Embassy to the Ottoman Porte, written by M. Reimers, has been printed at the expence of the government at Petersburg. It forms three quarto volumes, and is embellished with six beautiful views of Constantinople, a portrait of the present grand signior, and a map of

the coasts of Europe and Asia, adjacent to the Turkish metropolis. This work furnishes very accurate details, relative to the embassy; a description of the Russian and Tartarian provinces traversed by the ambassador and his suite; new information relative to Constantinople and its environs; the manners of the Turks; the navigation of the Black Sea; and other particulars equally interesting.

The new planet, discovered by M. Harding, at Libenthal, has been named Juno.

In a *Série* of Historical Memoirs relative to the Cardinals of the Catholic Church, lately published at Rome, by M. Lorenzo Cardella, the following statement is given of the cardinals furnished by each of the monastic orders: the benedictines, 130; the franciscans, 50; the dominicans the same number; and the jesuits only 10. Of the French nation there have been 362, which number exceeds that of any other, excepting the Italian, which has always furnished at least two-thirds.

From the account which has been published of M. Gay Lussac's second aerial excursion, at Paris, we are informed, that he ascended 21,600 feet above the level of the sea; that, at the height to which he attained, the magnetic power underwent no variation. The chemical properties of the air, its weight excepted, remained the same, and the heat of the atmosphere diminished, as he ascended, very nearly in an arithmetical progression.

The court of St. Petersburg has lately published a long edict, containing regulations with regard to the circulation of literary productions of all sorts. Whatever relates to religion must, previously to publication, be examined and approved by a censorship composed of members of the established church. Bonaparte has issued the severest decrees against the importation of all foreign journals. The king of Sweden has prohibited all French works and journals; and the court of Spain has forbidden the circulation of Por-

talis's Discourse on the Conclusion of the Concordat, as being full of dangerous principles.

A work is just published, in the Hungarian language, on the jurisprudence of that kingdom; it is entitled "The Patriotic Code of Elias Geotsch." The author is professor of the academy of Presburg.

The elector of Bavaria has purchased for the university of Wurzburg the Blankian cabinet of natural history, consisting of 28,000 specimens. The library of the university has likewise been considerably enriched with the books that belonged to many of the secularised monasteries.

The library of the academic institution at Colmar, contains a manuscript, which by the character, appears to have been written at the conclusion of the twelfth century. It appears under the simple form of a narrative, but it is rendered extremely valuable, by the opinion that the author intended to give it a complete picture of his own times.

In all the catholic academies of Hungary, and the hereditary states of the emperor of Germany, there have been appointed catechists, in order that the knowledge and practice of religion may keep pace with other improvements. In the instructions to the German catechists is the following paragraph: "As the grounds of religion have been questioned by philosophers, it is necessary that religious instruction in the academies should be founded upon authority and faith, and that whatever may tend to sap this foundation, even critical and historical disquisitions concerning it, should be carefully avoided."

Several scientific men have formerly visited Salzburg and the Tyrol, on mineralogical pursuits. Karsten, a German mineralogist of reputation, has employed the last summer in examining the minerals of these mountainous countries; and the lovers of that science may expect soon to have the result of his researches laid before them. Another scientific tour has been under-

taken by professor Wildenow, of Berlin, a botanist of considerable reputation. His route was through Vienna to Trieste and Venice.

Francois de Neufchateau, the ex-director, is preparing a work on agriculture. One part is already published, containing the results of experiments on the cultivation of carrots and parsnips by the plough.

It is found, by M. Parmentier, that the best method of preserving eggs consists in plunging them, for two seconds, in boiling water; they may be then kept for many months, if deposited in a cool place, or in salt.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

DUTIES OF EDITORS.

*To the Editor, &c.*

I AM a warm well-wisher to your work, and am sorry that it does not seem to have attained a popularity and circulation quite as extensive as I think it merits. I have been casting about a good deal to divine the cause of this, and being unwilling to impute it to any deficiency, either of real merit in yourself, or of penetration or munificence in the public, I am inclined to ascribe it to the neglect of certain arts, by which the respect and attention of the world is much more certainly won than by any solid excellence.

You seem not to know that the mob of readers are glad to have the labour of judging taken off their hands, that they are grateful to those who will take that trouble on themselves. Instead, therefore, of thrusting your prose and verse on their attention, just as it came to your's, naked and without comment, you should always carefully seize the opportunity of delivering your own opinion of its merits, by way of preface or supplement. Your word will frequently be taken by those

who read the piece itself, however adverse it may be to the sentence which their unaided judgment might pronounce upon it; and, of course, will be oracle to those, and they constitute the greatest number, who do not read the essay referred to. If you tell them the essay is highly ingenious, or the verse remarkably poetical, it is enough. They will not read, or, if they do read, they will not take the trouble of a cautious survey, because you have read and judged for them: and your essay or your poem will have all the merit, in their eyes, which you think proper to ascribe to it.

You seem likewise ignorant that the world sets a great value upon every thing *original*. It is of no consequence that the reader has never before met with the dish you offer him; neither its intrinsic excellence, nor its absolute novelty to him is any recommendation of a dish which has frequently been served up before. It must now be offered for the first time.

You will probably insist upon the difficulty of obtaining original communications of real value; but this plea is a very feeble one, for you ought, by this time, to know that your purpose is equally answered, whether what you publish be really original, or be only supposed by your readers to be so. Nothing is more easy than to mislead the most wary and sagacious in this respect. The world of books has never been thoroughly explored by the most enterprising student, and it can hardly be imagined how very unfaithful and illusory the memory of the most indefatigable reader becomes. The more we read, according to the common observation, the more we forget; and the most noted passages, in the most noted books, may be frequently palmed upon the world as original, and either nobody detects the imposture, or the few that do so have no interest in making the detection equally public with the imposition.

However innocent this kind of

imposture may be, and beneficial to yourself and others, you, perhaps, may feel some scruples about employing it. These scruples are impertinent and groundless: but nothing is more easy than to satisfy or silence them. You have only to forbear any direct or positive assertion respecting the performance; divest it of the needless parade of references to author's name, to volumes, and to pages; only give the reader leave to suppose it original, and the supposition, if he never met with it before, will be readily admitted. There are, indeed, a thousand modes by which the reader can be impressed with the belief that the page before him *ne'er craved the press, and ne'er knew type before*, without loading your conscience with the expence of falsehood. A single equivocating epithet, or dexterous ambiguity, will frequently answer this purpose.— You may easily confound the translator, and even the transcriber, of a piece with the author of it, and yet effectually preserve a loop-hole, through which, when assailed by a knowing or malignant reader, you may seasonably escape.

There is one thing, indeed, in which you are principally and particularly deficient. You by no means pay sufficient regard to your correspondents. You think, perhaps, that you fully perform your duty to them by promptly publishing what you approve, or silently omitting what you condemn. But here you commit a double mistake. The first kind of correspondents think themselves entitled to a particular note, expressing your gratitude and admiration; or, at least, their vanity would be highly gratified by this particular notice, and you would thereby not only secure their general good-will, but you would afford a powerful stimulus to new efforts in your favour. In the second place, instead of passing over in silence those you disapprove and reject, you should eagerly seize the opportunity of displaying your wit,

if you have any, at their expence. Nothing diverts us more than sarcasms and contempts, of which other people are the mark. It is true you insult and displease a man who never offended you, but who, on the contrary, has intended you a service; but that is a trivial consideration. It is only *one* of your readers whom you offend, while you entertain and edify all the rest. You likewise exalt the reputation of your critical sagacity in the general opinion, for the test of a critical judgment will always be placed in finding fault. You will impress us, too, with a notion that your letter-box is well supplied, and will lay new claim to our gratitude, on account of the judgment and labour you employ in selecting, from a voluminous and crowded store, the materials of our entertainment.

You seem, likewise, to have overlooked one very obvious means of effecting this purpose. Your stupidity or scrupulosity prevents you from reflecting that to *this* end an imaginary correspondent is just as useful as a real one. You forbear to notice the correspondents you really have, instead of adding to the list a multitude of handsome signatures, and giving us monthly an agreeable medley of compliment and sarcasm. You might thus enhance your importance in what degree you pleased. By dealing out dark illusions, you would afford agreeable employment to the fancy, which delights to be puzzled; which is never more zealously busy than in drawing out a hint to its full length; clearing up a mystery; or translating an inuendo. In this way you might indulge yourself in a boundless liberty of speculation, and press into your service, without the possibility of detection, all the wits and sages of the nation.

I hope this well-meant counsel may not be thrown away upon you, but that your ensuing numbers will manifest a thorough reformation in all these respects: and so I conclude.

Your's,

N. W.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

KOTAN HUSBANDRY.

The following particulars are taken from a French translation of a German author, who has filled a volume with economical reveries of the same kind. They are fanciful, but not destitute of some solidity, and may amuse those whom they do not instruct.

HUSBANDRY, the most important of all arts, has been reduced to very simple principles, and been brought within a very narrow compass, by this nation. There is no art susceptible of greater variety in its operations than this, and none in which the western nations have actually adopted a greater number and diversity of modes. This obviously arises from the dispersed and unconnected situation of the cultivators, and from their stupidity and ignorance. The learned and curious have laid out their wealth and their curiosity on different objects, and the art of extracting human subsistence from the earth has been treated with contempt and negligence.

There is no one circumstance, which strikes the sense of the stranger with a stronger sense of novelty, than the system and all the appendages of Kotan husbandry. A man, fresh from Europe, and somewhat familiar with the agriculture of his native country, and finding himself among a civilized nation, looks around him in expectation of meeting with the same objects, but almost every object he meets with informs him that he has fallen among a new race of men.

In the first place, he will notice with surprise the degree of uniformity which he will meet with. As he passes from district to district, and from province to province, he will naturally look for new subjects and modes of culture, but he will be disappointed. As he passes from one extremity of the empire to another, farms of similar dimensions, distributed and cultivated in the same manner, stocked in the same

manner and degree, and with buildings and tenants of the same fashion, will be every where found. I need not observe, that, in these respects, an absolute sameness prevails. Variety is the necessary attendant on all human affairs, and some differences necessarily flow from soil and climate. Exclusive of these last, however, the variety confines itself within narrow limits, and is much less in districts a thousand miles from each other, than in German farms, within the same parish.

As the country was formerly divided into numerous petty states, the modes of cultivating the earth were as diverse as possible; but since one of these states has gained an absolute ascendancy over the rest, the whole mass, in all its modifications and ingredients, has been rapidly assimilating to the conquering state. There is no circumstance in which the ruling powers have more zealously laboured to produce a uniformity, than in the cultivation of the earth. They seem to have thought that one mode of husbandry was more beneficial than any other, and that the prosperity of the state eminently depended on the kind and quantity of provision which was drawn from the soil. Hence, having conceived the notion of a farm as it ought to be, they have bent their mightiest efforts to destroying every other scheme of cultivation, and establishing this in its stead.

Their plan of husbandry, in its objects and operations, would no less surprise a stranger by its simplicity, than by its extensive prevalence. The care of every husbandman has properly but one object. This is a root called beel. From this root is derived the whole vegetable food of the society, and with this are fed all the domestic animals.

Instead of a great variety of grains, some of which are confined to man, and some to beasts, some to satisfy the cravings of the poor and laborious, some to pamper the rich; instead of a great number of esculent

and garden vegetables, the Kotan field and garden are acquainted with but one. As agriculture is entirely confined to this one plant, and as its culture and properties are universally known, it will be proper to enter into some particulars respecting it. The food of the nation being entirely drawn from this root, directly or indirectly, it is necessary to be well acquainted with it.

The beel is a species of potatoe or yam. It possesses, like that root, a smooth, thin skin; and several roots are connected with one stalk. Its shape, however, is more regular, inclining almost always to the oval.

Its taste is much more lively, pungent, and saccharine than that of the potatoe. The pulp is of a yellowish hue, and all the preparations of this plant have a tincture of that kind.

The size of the root, and the number belonging to one stalk, depend very much on the soil and culture. The plant, in a poor soil and totally neglected, will produce two or three roots, the whole weight of which is equal to about eight ounces avoird. ; whereas, if aided by manure, plentifully watered, and frequently tilled and dressed, the product will be equal to ten pounds. The difference, therefore, which is made by human art, is as twenty to one.

This is a hardy plant, and is a native of the soil, as a small kind is found in desert places, which is found capable of being improved, by culture, into an equality with the largest and best; and the best kinds, if wholly neglected, are found to degenerate into a resemblance to this wild one.

It will grow in every soil which is not exceedingly bad. It will flourish most in the blackest and richest; but will grow wherever there is a small proportion of productive particles: the product being in proportion to the goodness of the soil, and the labour, manure, and especially the watering bestowed upon it.

It is commonly planted in squares,

whose sides are sixteen inches. The seed consists of a small root of the previous harvest. The ground is prepared for it, by being well broken up by a hoe, and the dung of cattle is put into the hole which receives the seed. It is then covered up, four or five inches deep.

The subsequent duty of the husbandmen merely consists in loosening the earth, in the intervals, extirpating all weeds, and in supplying the ground with water. The thriving of the plant depends more upon the use of the hoe than on any other circumstance. It is hardly possible to give it too much hoeing. It is well known that a single plant, carefully hoed every day, during the whole period of its growth, will produce twenty pounds of roots, provided some manure, and seasonable irrigation in dry weather, be likewise used.

The water may be frequently given, but sparingly. It must not be overflowed with water, but only sprinkled, and the oftener this is done, not exceeding once in twenty-four hours, in dry weather, the more flourishing is the plant.

This degree of attention it is not possible to pay where the fields are large, and the hands few; and yet if one plant, fully tended, will produce as much as ten or twenty, attended with less assiduity, it is evident that, if the labour be in both cases equal, the first case is preferable to the latter, since ground is saved in the same proportion that labour is expended.

To this plant their whole husbandry, as to edibles, is confined. The vegetable part of the food of man consists wholly in this, and this being the mere subsistence of their cattle, it supplies them likewise, indirectly, with all their meat, milk, butter, and cheese. Beel espre, or beel-planting, is, therefore, another name for agriculture or farming.

A small, but stout, well-looking species of the bovine genus is the only cattle which is known. Instead of that variety with which I was

accustomed at home, of sheep, goats, hogs, and kine, the latter is the only one that makes its appearance.—Those who know the value of the hog and the sheep, the former of which supplies a solid and beneficial nutriment, at a very small expence in the maintenance, and the latter affords at the same time milk, meat, leather, and hair for clothes, will censure the Kotans for confining their whole attention to a single species of domestic animals.

They are no stranger to the hog and sheep, which are in common use in the neighbouring regions, nor does any superstition appear to operate against them. Their own opinion is in favour of the use of kine, in consequence of which all other domestic quadrupeds are totally unknown among them, except by description.

They never mutilate their cattle. Those only among the males who are requisite to continue the species are permitted to grow up to maturity. The rest are, at an early age, consigned to the butcher.

Cows are maintained for the sake of their milk. After five years old, they are deemed unfit for this service, and are killed. Their flesh is firm and well tasted beef, nor is there any thing remarkably peculiar to the breed. They afford plenty of milk, which is manufactured into cheese and butter.

Their colour is by no means uniform. A pure white is most common, but a dusky red, growing gradually dark towards the extremities, is not uncommon. I never met with any of a dappled, motley, or brindled hue.

In the management of cattle, every thing is marked with an order and nicety not elsewhere to be seen. Their cattle do not subsist by pasture or grass, but are fed entirely on beel. They remain all the year round in pens or yards. Their bodies are kept perfectly clean by washing and brushing. Their pens are paved or floored with well burnt clay, and their refuse is carefully

removed every day. All the necessary accommodations are adjusted and arranged with the utmost order and harmony. When I first saw a cow-pen, I could not conceal my astonishment at the cleanliness and even elegance of every object. The animals themselves were as sleek as a well dressed horse, and habit had made them as docile as dogs. They implicitly obeyed the voice of their keeper and milker, and moved to and fro, and took particular attitudes or stations, without reluctance or delay.

A cow of full age and health requires a daily supply of thirty-five pounds of beel. If boiled, a less quantity will suffice. This food appears to be in the highest degree congenial with their nature. They eat it with never-failing relish, and their milk flows with little difference as to quantity throughout the year. They are plump and round, and afford the most delightful examples of meek, placid faces.

Indeed, when we reflect upon the life which the Kotan cow and bull lead, we see in what an eminent degree man is capable of being the benefactor of the lower animals. We likewise see that benevolence and interest inculcate the same lesson, since the happier the cow is made, the more advantageous is she to her benefactor.

In the first place, their existence is absolutely void of all toil and care. They are not employed either in draft or burthen. To supply milk and continue their race, both of which are mere pleasures to them, are all that is required of them. In return for this, plenty of the most delicious food is given them; chrysal springs continually flow to their lips; a shelter is provided for them against adverse elements; their persons are cleansed and purified; and their treatment is invariably gentle and soothing. From the fear of death, that copious source of misery, their limited faculties secure them; and death, which must come, is inflicted in the easiest and quick-

est manner. A sharp instrument is struck into their spine, which ends their existence in an instant.

There is some difference in their condition, according to the temper, knowledge, and wealth of the proprietor, but there is now a very great uniformity, in all these respects, throughout the kingdom, and the cow that fares worst may still be said to enjoy a terrestrial paradise.

A very small portion of the milk is consumed in its natural state. It is made into cheese and butter, and the residue composes the liquid part of their food. Their cheese is formed into various shapes, sometimes fanciful and imitative; but each mass is always so modelled as to weigh about ten pounds. This is sent to market in bamboo baskets.

The colour of this cheese is a bright orange. It is generally dry and firm, and becomes harder by age. It is so hard, before it is eaten, as to endure being ground into powder, and in this state it always comes upon table.

Their butter, the greater part of it, is consumed at a distance from the place where it is made, and after being kept for some time. It is consequently seasoned with salt, and formed into masses of ten pounds.

This cheese and butter are generally equal to the best which I ever tasted. They are better in some districts than in others, but the food of the cows being the same in all cases, the products are sufficiently alike. There is in their milk, cheese, and butter a peculiar flavour, arising from the use of beel. At first, this property displeased my palate, merely because I was unused to it. In a little time, I began to relish it extremely, and Saxon butter is now insipid to my taste.

In their dairies, running water is deemed indispensable. Their vessels are formed of bamboo. Their churn is a hollow cylinder of this wood, in which there is a turning axis, with dashers affixed to it. This axis, when the power is at hand, is turned by a jet of water.

A Kotan dairy is a circular space, built round with apartments, suited to the various purposes of making and preserving milk, butter, and cheese. In the centre is a court in which the cattle are folded, and which contains all the necessary means for feeding, watering, and sheltering them.

No instrument of tillage is more familiar to us than the plough, and the great business of the ox and the horse is to drag it over the ground. The use of the plough has been suggested by the need there was of economizing labour; and it is so obvious an expedient, that no contrivance is more ancient and general than this. In Kotan, however, the inquisitive traveller looks in vain for a plough. The only instruments of tillage are the hand and the hoe. The preparation of the soil for beel, the planting, the weeding, and the taking up, when mature, are all performed by one instrument, which I call the hoe, because it is used oftener as a hoe than as a spade, though it is so adapted to the handle as to be screwed on in different ways, and to serve either purpose, as occasion requires.

The want of the plough appeared to me a very manifest defect in their system. The plough performs the work of a great number of spades, in a shorter time, and sometimes in a more effectual manner. Hence, as there is no business more constantly and generally followed than that of tilling the ground, no invention has done more towards lightening the most necessary of human labours.

Finding the use of the hoe or spade universal, I imagined that I had a fine opportunity of improving their art, and took a great deal of pains, on many occasions, to show the great superiority of the plough. I was never eloquent enough, however, to make a convert of any who was worth convincing. Their prejudices as easily found arguments against the plough, as those of European farmers would find them against the exclusive use of the

spade. Every particular in our management was such as to shock their established habits. The mutilation of cattle, the devoting of an animal, so sacred as this is in their eyes, to so toilsome a drudgery, were the first ideas that always occurred to their imagination. They likewise denied that the use of the plough occasioned any saving of labour. The oxen put into the yoke were to be maintained in health and vigour, and the most moderate calculation always makes the subsistence of a cow or ox equal to the quantity of food consumed by twelve men. The question, therefore, necessarily occurred, whether the strength of two oxen was equal to that of twenty-four men.

All nice comparisons, however, between the maintenance and labour of men and oxen were precluded by the notion that the thorough cultivation of the hoe could not be effected by any other instrument, and that the present state of population and tillage did no more than furnish wholesome and agreeable employment to that class who cultivated the ground: more compendious modes are thought pernicious, inasmuch as they would occasion idleness in those who are at present employed in no greater degree than is wholesome and agreeable.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ANECDOTE.

IN a book printed at Bourdeaux, and composed to exalt the merit of one set of monks, St. Peter is supposed to ask of St. Michael, "Who is it that knocks at the door?" The answer is, "A carmelite." "A carmelite!" repeats St. Peter, peevishly, "a carmelite! I think we have none at the gate of heaven but carmelites, from morning to night. Well, he must stay; I shall not

VOL. III. NO. XIX.

open the gate till there is a dozen together of them."

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

LONDON MANNERS.

FEW circumstances more strongly illustrate the present state of London manners than the mode on which gambling is conducted. About five years ago, a keeper of a gambling-house became bankrupt. After having cleared himself of all incumbrances by a statute, he immediately opened a subscription gambling-house in Bond-street, on a larger scale than ever, which in a few weeks obtained not less than *four hundred subscribers, at twelve guineas per annum each*, making an aggregate rental of upwards of *five thousand pounds a-year* for him to subsist upon, independently of half-a-guinea a night, in addition, from every person who touches a die or card. Much business has since been performed in this elegant circle of accomplished life. Several of the associates had no great reason to bless the luck that has attended them: yet, in every successive year, the business considerably increased. Lord B—h was unfortunate enough, in a single night, to lose not less than *one hundred and seventy thousand pounds*, and hereby to render himself a beggar for life, or rather, perhaps, to establish himself as a gambler by profession.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

WE sometimes meet, among ancient authors, with advice, in giving which it is doubtful whether they were in jest or earnest. This doubt can hardly fail of being entertained, when the substance of the counsel is

considered, though other circumstances fully convince us that they were serious. The following passage, for example, occurs in the writings of Hippocrates :

"In a fracture of the thigh," says this renowned sage, "the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong, that, notwithstanding the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, to have them both of one length."

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

DEAN SWIFT.

SHAKESPEARE and dean Swift are surely memorable instances of the extravagance to which fashion will sometimes carry our veneration for particular writers. The merit of performances in relation to these writers is never considered. The only question is, whether the scrap belongs to them or not. If it be certainly their production, it is immediately admitted to a participation of their divine honours.

There was lately an attempt to take advantage of this popular superstition by palming upon Shakespeare an antiquated tragedy called *Vortigern*. The greatest abilities were immediately called into full action, not to ascertain the merit of the work, and to admit its claim to notice and regard, in proportion to its merit. No. This seems not to have occupied the attention of the mob of critics a moment. Their sole enquiry was whether it was Shakespeare's or not. Had it proved to be his, it would instantly have been multiplied ten thousand fold; all the splendour of painting, paper, and typography would have been lavished upon it; and the subtlest wit and most laborious erudition would have thought themselves lau-

dably engaged in explaining its puns, illustrating its quibbles, and unveiling its obscenities.

Thus have many ingenious people been employed, during the last century, in raking together every thing written by dean Swift. Nonsense, malignity, and filthiness, that would have eternally disgraced a living writer, derive a value from having flowed from the pen of Swift, and are carefully inserted in the splendid and costly editions of his works which are continually issuing from the press.

That the dean was a blind fanatic may be proved, if proof were wanting, from the terms of high and fulsome panegyric of which he speaks of the *Memoirs of a Captain Chreighton*, a Scottish officer of dragoons, employed by the detestable ministry of Charles II, to discover and seize presbyterian preachers among the Highlands. The dean extols this wretched tool of persecution as another Philip de Comines.

The first exploit this hero boasts was the seizing, with a party of soldiers, one Stobow, a poor non-con teacher, and the leading him to almost certain death, although his daughter offered him a hundred dollars to let her parent escape. He then tells his readers how he and his comrades lived plentifully a whole year on a contribution raised to recover a horse, which they had literally *stolen* from a lady who attended a conventicle. Soon after, our Philip de Comines, at the head of twelve dragoons, took a very celebrated preacher, and brought him to the gallows. He now believed himself such a favourite of heaven, that he had revelation after revelation by dreams, and impressions on his mind, to tell him the hiding-places of the poor, persecuted Scotsmen, who were certainly by no means greater fanatics than himself. These he loads with all the scurrility of a drunken trooper: they are "rogues, rascals, rebels," &c. He "rakes hell" to find a soldier that can mimic their clergy-

men ; in short, the whole work, recommended enthusiastically by the dean of St. Patrick's, is the most extraordinary instance of blind fanaticism, both in the writer and in the encomiast, that any age ever produced.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

USE OF ASTRONOMY.

THERE are few pursuits which have less practical connection with the common offices and avocations of human life than astronomy. It seems impossible to bring into domestic application the most profound or various knowledge of the heavens. One of the greatest efforts of astronomical sagacity is the discovery of a new planet ; but though the existence of a planet be of the greatest importance in the scheme of the universe, the discovery of its existence seems altogether useless to the regulation of our own private affairs, either as goers to market, as superintendants of the kitchen, or as presidents of the parlour.

The ancients have left us a good story of Thales of Miletus, by which the insufficiency of these celestial speculations to save us from the most common mischances of life is familiarly illustrated.

A girl, of dubious character, seeing him gazing at the heavens, as he walked along, and perhaps piqued at his not casting an eye at her attractions, put a stool in his path, over which he tumbled and broke his shins. The excuse she made was, that she meant to teach him to look at home, before he indulged himself in star-gazing.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

SERIOUS PARODY.

LABORIOUS dulness, in modern times, has never been more indefa-

tigably employed than in writing Latin verses. These compositions are, in general, a sort of mosaic, in which innumerable fragments are put together, so as to form a whole, entirely different from those *entires*, of which these fragments originally contributed to the formation.

But one of the principal freaks of dulness, and, it must be owned, one of the most amusing and *least dull* of her freaks consists in parody. Of *facetious* parody there are numerous examples, and there are not wanting instances of *serious* parody.— Thus the Iliad and the Æneid have been, more than once, by an ingenious and elaborate process of *substitution*, converted into histories of our Saviour's life and death.

What dulness has often attempted, genius, allied with patience, has sometimes not disdained. One of the most extraordinary specimens of *serious* parody is the production of a learned professor in a Saxon university, who has, with infinite labour, transformed the odes and epodes of Horace into pious hymns, preserving the original measure, and, as far as possible, the words of the Roman poet. The classical reader will, at one glance, comprehend the amazing difficulties which such a parodist must undergo, and will be surprised to find these heterodox productions not wanting in pure Latinity ; however, that he may judge for himself, a specimen or two we will give him.

*Ad Pyrrham. Ode V. Lib. I.*

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ  
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?  
Cui flavam religas comam  
Simplex munditiis ? &c., &c.

*Ad Mariam Deiparam. Parodia V.  
Lib. I.*

Quis fœno recubans, in gracili tenes  
Inuexus teneris te, pia, fasciis  
Blandus, Virgo, puellus ?  
Cui primos adhibes cibos.  
Dives munditiis ? &c., &c.

*In Juliam Barinam. Ode 8. Lib. 2.*

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati  
 Poena, Barine, nocuisset unquam,  
 Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno  
     Turpior unqui.  
 Crederem—Sed tu simul obligasti  
 Perfidum votis caput, enitescis  
 Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis  
     Publica cura, &c., &c., &c.

*Προσφώντις Christi ad Peccatorem.  
Parodia 9. Lib. 2.*

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati  
 Culpa, peccator, doluisset unquam  
 Mente, si tantum fieres vel unâ  
     Tristior hora  
 Plauderem—Sed tu, simul obligasti  
 Perfidum votis caput, ingemiscis  
 Ob scelus nunquam, scelerumque prodis  
     Publicus autor, &c., &c., &c.

*In Bacchum. Ode 23. Lib. 3.*

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui  
 Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quod agor  
     in specus,  
 Velox mente novâ; quibus  
 Antris, egregie Cæsaris audiar  
 Æternum meditans decus  
 Stellis inserere & consilio Jovis, &c.

*Parodia 23. Lib. 3. Ad Christum.*

Quo me, Christe, feram mali  
 Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quos fu-  
     giam in specus,  
 Pressus mole gravi? Quibus  
 Antris, ob maculam criminis occultar  
 Æternam meditans facem  
 Infernum effugere, et simplicium Sty-  
     gis, &c.

These samples will suffice. They are certainly remarkable proofs of human ingenuity; and as they have merit independent of their prototype, it is but justice to assign them the additional, though less honourable praise, to which they are entitled as parodies.

Buchanan's version of the Psalms, into Horatian language and metre, is the most extraordinary effort of genius and learning, in this way, with which the world is acquainted. The task which the poet assigned to himself consisted, first, in giving a christian form to the topics and allusions of the royal psalmist; and,

secondly, in adapting the language, imagery, and taste of Roman lyric poetry to christian topics and allusions. This arduous task he has performed with illustrious success; and what renders this success still more wonderful, is the situation in which the undertaking was accomplished. Buchanan fell, perhaps deservedly, under the suspicion of infidelity, and was condemned to make this version of the Psalms as a penance, by the Portuguese inquisition, in a dungeon at Lisbon. How strenuous, how well-stored must be the mind, who could execute such a task, with such success, in such circumstances!

I confess I feel no small complacency for that pope of the last century, who, smitten with classical enthusiasm, meditated, for a while, the introduction of Buchanan's Psalms into religious worship. When we consider the sanctity ascribed by catholics to the Latin language, by the scholar to true classical Latinity, and by all christians to the hymns of David, we shall see the powerful recommendations which such a scheme possessed. The scheme, indeed, as soon as it was conceived, was abandoned as impracticable and chimerical, but the greater is the pity.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## CRITICISM.

*The Guilt, Folly, and Sources of Suicide: two discourses, preached in the city of New York, February, 1805. By Samuel Miller, D. D., one of the pastors of the united presbyterian churches in said city. New York: T. & J. Swords. 1805.*

THE author builds the reasonings and exhortations of these pages on the well-known counsel given to Job by his wife. After some judicious remarks on the conduct and character of Job, he proceeds to define the

crime of suicide, in a much larger sense than is commonly assigned to it, and in such a sense as will greatly extend the application and utility of the lessons which these discourses convey.

"By suicide is meant," says Dr. Miller, "not merely self-murder by immediate violence, but also the destruction of our own life by wanton exposure to violence from others, or by any indirect means. The *duellist* is guilty of this crime. He who commits a felony with the express view of being put to death by the hand of public justice, is also guilty of it; and, in general, every one who, voluntarily and without necessity, places himself in the way of danger. There are occasions, indeed, on which it is the duty of men to put their lives in jeopardy, and even resolutely to sacrifice them. The case of *martyrdom* is one instance of such duty, and the case of *just and necessary war* is another. But it is possible, in either of these cases, to court death foolishly and wickedly. We are bound to use all lawful means to preserve our own lives; and, therefore, he who, in *any case whatever*, destroys his life, or who permits it to be destroyed, when he is able, without denying the truth, or abandoning duty, to save it, is chargeable with the whole guilt belonging to the crime which we are about to consider."

To those who may imagine that the rarity of suicide makes it an unsuitable theme for public and pulpit admonition, he addresses himself in the following earnest and cogent manner:

"Brethren, be not deceived!—Every individual who hears me has an interest in this subject. Who can foresee the situations in which he may hereafter be placed, or the temptations by which he may hereafter be assailed? Or who can tell how soon the conduct of a near relative, or of a valued friend, may bring the subject home, with the deepest interest, to his bosom? It is probable, that the most of those who have fallen into this de-

plorable sin, were once as ready as any of my present hearers can now be, to think and to say, *What, is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?* In truth, it becomes depraved creatures, with regard to every sin, to be humble and watchful; for there is no sin into which they may not fall, if forsaken by restraining grace."

In the first of these discourses, the orator dwells upon the guilt and folly of suicide; in the second, he enumerates and explains the causes from which this crime usually proceeds. In proving the guilt of suicide, he advances the customary arguments, drawn from the submission due from man to the will of his creator; from the force and authority of the principle of self-preservation; and from the duty of the individual to society. On all these topics the author reasons in a manner plain, serious, and remarkably cogent. Most of these reasonings are chiefly adapted to influence our judgments of the suicide, and thus indirectly and remotely to regulate our own conduct, by previously persuading us of the guilt and folly of *self-murder*: but we cannot forbear quoting the following passages, because they most eloquently and persuasively address the reason and feelings of desperate men, and are calculated eminently to influence the victim in the critical hour.

"Say, miserable man! who art contemplating the crime of self-murder, hast thou no *parent*, the evening of whose days, by this crime, would be embittered, or whose gray hairs would be brought down with sorrow to the grave? Hast thou no amiable *partner* of thy life, who would be precipitated by this step into the deepest affliction? Hast thou no *tender babes*, who by thy desertion would be left fatherless, and exposed to all the dangers of an unpitied world? Hast thou no *brethren* or *sisters* to share in the grief and the disgrace of thine unworthy conduct? Are there no *friends* who love thee, who would weep over thy folly and sin,

and feel themselves wounded by thy fall? In short, would the execution of thy wicked purpose disturb the peace of no family? defraud no creditor? plunge no friend into difficulty? rob no fellow creature of advantage or enjoyment? Ah! if the evil terminated in thine own person, though still a crime, it would be comparatively small. But the consequences of such a step would probably extend beyond thy conception, and last longer than thy memory. Stay then, guilty man! stay thy murderous hand! Extinguish not the happiness and the hopes of a family, it may be, of many families! Forbear, O forbear to inflict wounds which no time can heal, and which may tempt survivors to wish that thou hadst never been born!

"Let no one say, that he is *useless* in the world; that his life is of no value, either to his relatives, or to mankind; and, therefore, that he does no injury by taking it away. If any man be really useless, it is his disgrace and his sin; and to think of justifying one crime by pleading that he has committed a previous one, is as wretched logic as it is detestable morality. But the degree of our usefulness in society is a question concerning which, as we are not competent to judge, so we are not at liberty to decide for ourselves. The victim of depression and melancholy may sometimes think himself an unprofitable member of the community, a mere *cumberer of the ground*, when his services are really substantial and important. And even admitting that he is, at present, so afflicted, so infirm, so vicious, so degraded, or so unfavourably situated in any respect, as to be entirely useless, has he lost every capacity of being otherwise in time to come? Or, if this capacity be now lost, is every possibility of recovering it certainly precluded? May not his infirmities be hereafter removed? the clouds which hang over him be dissipated? his vices be repented of and abandoned? his reputation be restored? and his means of usefulness become, if

not great and extensive, at least important in a moderate sphere? If these things be duly considered, it will be manifest that there is not an individual breathing who can, with propriety, plead in defence of despair and suicide, that he is useless; as there is certainly no individual, on this side the grave, whose life either *is* not, or *might* not be, of some value to mankind."

In the same forcible and persuasive strain he afterwards proceeds:

"Let us go to yonder victim of impatience and despair, who wanders silent, melancholy, and alone, meditating the termination of his sorrows by the pistol, or the poisonous draught; let us approach, and inquire why he is disgusted with life? You are *embarrassed in your circumstances*; you have been robbed of your property by fraud, or by other disastrous occurrences; you have been precipitated from the height of affluence to the most abject poverty; *you cannot dig, to beg you are ashamed*, and therefore resolve to fly from life. But, before you take this dreadful and irrevocable step, pause a moment, and answer me the following questions: Is a large portion of property indispensably necessary to happiness? Have not thousands been contented and happy with as small a pittance as that which you yet possess? Nay, have not some found *more* real enjoyment after being thus reduced, than they found in the days of their affluence and prosperity? Was not the Saviour of the world, when he sojourned upon the earth, without *a place where to lay his head*? And has he not, by his example, made poverty and sufferings honourable? Besides, though you are now in straitened circumstances, may not a kind Providence hereafter smile upon you, and reward your industry with comfort and plenty? Who can tell but that, like *Job*, your *latter end*, in this respect, *may be more blessed than your beginning*? But even supposing the worst; will you destroy a life on which so much depends,

for the sake of treasures which are transient and unsatisfying; for a little glittering dust which perishes in the using; "for so much trash as may be grasped thus?" Miserable estimate! ignoble alternative! Live! and exhibit the sublime, the edifying spectacle of one struggling with want, and yet holding fast his integrity.

"If we inquire of another, we shall find that he is hurried on to despair by the prospect of disgrace. He has, perhaps, been betrayed into infamous crimes, or led, less criminally, into circumstances which, he fears, have destroyed his reputation, and he cannot think of surviving his character. But, alas! deluded man! are you so thoughtless as not to perceive that your calculation is as false as the design which you harbour is criminal? If you are now in disgrace, what advantage will you gain by hiding yourself in the grave? Certainly none. On the contrary, you will aggravate instead of diminishing the evil, because you will seal yourself up under eternal infamy, and cut off all hope of regaining public esteem. Rather live, and, by a course of worthy actions, endeavour to retrieve your character. Live! and testify, by your future conduct, that you are neither irreclaimable nor unprincipled.

"A *third* is, perhaps, afflicted with a tormenting, or, apparently, an incurable *disease*. He prefers death to a life of torture, and therefore determines not to wait for his regular dismission from suffering. To such a one I would say, No man can certainly tell whether a disease which he thinks incurable may not afterwards be found to admit of some remedy, or, at least, of some alleviation. Dark and dismal as your prospect now is, you may, like *Job*, be again restored to health and enjoyment; or, if not perfectly restored, your burden may be rendered comparatively light and tolerable. But supposing that your case is hopeless, and that your whole life is destined to be a scene of suffering, which is most becoming in a

*rational being*, and especially in a *christian*, to bear suffering with firmness, or to fly from it by illicit and cowardly means? What is it that raises to such an elevation the character of the martyrs and other primitive sufferers for the Gospel? What is it in their conduct which men of all habits and modes of thinking admire, and which sometimes even "extorts a trembling homage" from the blaspheming infidel? It is that divine magnanimity which deliberately chose to suffer the most excruciating tortures rather than to escape from them by the sacrifice of principle, or by yielding to forbidden demands.

"A *fourth*, it may be, will plead, that he has the certain prospect of an *ignominious death*, by the hand of public justice; or of a still more dreadful execution, by the *lingering torments* of savage foes; and that he is, therefore, justifiable in dispatching himself in a more private and easy manner. Such have been the reasonings and conduct of some renowned personages, whose conduct on other occasions was more heroic, and more worthy of the rational character. But the same reasoning which was employed in the case of painful and incurable disease applies equally to this case. No man can be absolutely *certain* that the death which he considers as inevitable will be realized. Divine Providence has frequently interfered, in a most extraordinary manner, for the deliverance of those from whom all prospect of relief, from human sources, was cut off. But, setting this argument aside, who can tell what important ends the death which he fears is intended, by Infinite Wisdom, to answer both to himself and society? Unreserved submission to the will of God is always safe; while the smallest attempt to counteract this will is always both criminal and dangerous. Had those celebrated heroes of old, who embraced a voluntary death, rather than fall into the hands of enemies, or die by public execution, consented to live, and meet the dis-

pensations of Providence with unshaken fortitude, they would have displayed a more sublime heroism; and none can tell how much they might have promoted the welfare and glory of their country.

"Another has been disappointed in *love*; and, in the first emotions of despondency, considers life as insupportable. That tender passion which binds the sexes together, and lays the foundation of domestic happiness, is despised by none but those who never felt it; is condemned by none but those who renounce the authority of God, and are enemies of human happiness. But while this passion is allowed to be most important, and, when properly regulated, most laudable, yet let us not imagine, like those who borrow their principles of morality from the *stage*, or from *novels*, that love is the main business of life, and the attainment of its wishes all that is worth living for. There are considerations which should be regarded as paramount to every thing of this kind. There may be, and there doubtless frequently is, in this respect, an idolatry as criminal as it is unworthy the rational character. But allowing to each case of disappointed attachment all that importance which the subject of it may require, how many considerations immediately present themselves which should induce the sufferer to lay aside despondency, and determine to live! A little time may restore peace to a mind which is now perturbed and melancholy.—The object fondly sought may hereafter be attained, and abundantly reward a long pursuit; or, if this be not the case, a kind Providence may have in store, for the discouraged and despairing, a more suitable and a more happy connection.

"A *sixth*, perhaps young in years, but old in *dissipation* and *vice*, has run the round of what he calls pleasures; and having found little happiness in this course, and supposing that life can afford nothing better, he resolves to escape from a scene in which he finds no

objects that can any longer interest or gratify him. This is not unfrequently the case with those wretched mortals, who have sought no enjoyments but those of the sensual kind; who have cultivated no taste but for scenes of dissipation and licentiousness. But how degraded is that mind that can find no interesting employment, no gratifying pursuit in such a world as this! Where are those elevated pleasures which arise from the cultivation of our minds, from the acquisition of knowledge, from walking, with chosen companions, in the delightful fields of literature and science?—Where are the sublime gratifications which flow from feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, instructing the ignorant, and directing the miserable wanderer "in the homeward way?" Where are the heavenly pleasures which arise from the exercise of grace and the discharge of holy duties? Can a world in which these are to be enjoyed be said to afford nothing that is worth living for? Blind and mistaken mortal! make trial of some of these pleasures; explore some of these paths to happiness, which you have hitherto neglected, and see if they be not worthy of your regard. Above all, open the volume of God, unfold the precious record of Redeeming Love, and there learn, by delightful experience, that the Gospel provides employment and pleasure for the mind, as much superior to the low gratifications of the sensualist as *the heavens are higher than the earth.*"

In the second discourse the author attempts to explain the causes of suicide. The principal of these causes he deems to be false principles in religion and morals. In discussing this topic, he introduces the following remarks on the influence of plays and novels:

"I cannot help remarking that the mischievous influence on popular opinions produced by many *dramatic representations*, and by licentious *novels*, may probably be considered as leading to many cases of

the crime before us. Perhaps some will pronounce this a far-fetched and illiberal supposition. But let me ask such objectors, whether many of these compositions do not make virtue and religion appear contemptible, and vice honourable, attractive, and triumphant? Do they not frequently put corrupt opinions into the mouth of some favourite hero, the splendour of whose character, in other respects, is made to embellish the most detestable sentiments, and the force of whose eloquence is employed to recommend the most criminal maxims? Do they not often represent the most odious crimes that mortals can commit, and suicide among the rest, as venial faults, and sometimes as no faults at all? In a word, are not many of them constructed precisely as if their leading object were to frame an apology for every passion, and to plead for the indulgence of every corrupt propensity? \* Is it far-fetched or illiberal to say that such compositions have a tendency favourable to suicide, and that those who habitually delight in and peruse them are in the high road of danger? No, brethren, it is rather a subject of astonishment and regret that so many who bear the christian

\* It would be easy to give many examples in support of these remarks. Even the tragedy of *Cato*, though the production of a decided friend to virtue and religion, has been pronounced, by the best judges, to have a tendency favourable to suicide. Indeed, some accurate observers have asserted, that the exhibition of this celebrated tragedy on the stage has seldom failed to be followed by instances of self-murder, which there was good reason to believe were connected with these exhibitions. The moral of that detestable novel, the *Nouvelle Heloise*, by Rousseau, is, on this subject, extremely questionable. For, though the author argues eloquently on both sides of the question, concerning the lawfulness of suicide, yet some have supposed that his arguments in favour of that crime are calculated, and were intended by him, to make a deeper impression than those offered against it.

VOL. III. NO. XIX.

name appear to be so little impressed with a sense of this danger, and that some even doubt its reality."

Many readers will probably be greatly displeased at the harshness of the sentence thus passed upon dramatic and fictitious compositions. To the author's questions, "Whether *many* of these," &c. "Do they not *frequently* put corrupt opinions," &c. "Do they not *often* represent," &c. "Are not *many* of them constructed," &c., many readers will promptly reply in the *negative*. Plays and tales are designed to be pictures of human life, and these pictures are generally selected and coloured, in the present times, in such a manner as to correct the principles and mend the heart of the readers. It was not always thus; but, during the present age of English literature, this fact is particularly evident, and a very long list of popular works, both dramatic and narrative, might be formed, not at all deserving the censure which these passages convey.

Suicide, in truth, is very rarely to be found at all in the popular performances of either kind.—Wherever it occurs, so far as we remember, it is placed in such a light as to discourage rather than provoke imitation. Dr. Miller mentions particularly the tragedy of *Cato* and the romance of *Heloise*. His acknowledged virtue and religion vindicates the author of *Cato* from any *intention* of recommending suicide, and as to the *tendency* of that play, the *assertion of observers* must be supported by very strong testimony before we can believe it favourable to self-murder. The faults of Rousseau's famous novel are not few, but it really does not appear to us chargeable with promoting suicide. Some readers *may* suppose the preponderance of argument in the epistolary controversy contained in the work to be in favour of suicide, but readers of good sense can hardly fail, we think, of forming a different conclusion; and as to the *intention* of

the author, something may surely be inferred from his having represented his hero as influenced by his friend's reasonings to lay aside his murderous purposes.

Among the causes of suicide the author classes an early and excessive indulgence in the pleasures of life; the habit of intemperate drinking; the habit of gaming; the indulgence in criminal love; habits of idleness; desires for worldly goods; and, lastly, the absence of sincere and vital piety. On all these heads

the author enlarges with judgment and energy, and it is impossible for any attentive reader to rise from the perusal of these discourses without an understanding enlightened, and a heart improved. The style is free from all affected and ambitious ornaments, and flows in the constant and graceful tenor of simplicity and perspicuity, and we doubt not but this performance will prove as lasting, as it is a pleasing, monument of the author's good taste and good principles.

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## POETRY.

### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### LUCY'S TEAR.

THE artless or affected smile  
Let swains of taste more gay admire;  
The lucid tear shall deck the while  
The pensive bard's unpolish'd lyre.

O bid the tuneful band impart,  
Once more, the highly dulcet strain,  
That sweetly melted Lucy's heart;  
And wake the sympathies again.

The tear within her radiant eye  
Shone bright as drops on summer's  
day,  
Descending from their parent sky,  
While mid-day sun-beams on them  
play.

Again let notes accordant rise,  
Melodious sound on Lucy's ear,  
And fill once more her radiant eyes,  
With genuine feeling's pearly tear.

Let symphony of sounds renew,  
That lucid tears again may swim  
O'er Lucy's eyes of radiant blue,  
No sapphire's ray will they bedim.

For brilliant gems from India brought,  
Though boasting all the rainbow's  
dye,  
Are dead to those which feeling taught  
To swim in Lucy's radiant eye.

The charms, the thousand charms that  
play,

And wanton round the youthful train,  
Would tempt Orlando's eye to stray  
From Lucy's tearful orb in vain.

Let swains of gayer taste admire  
The artless or affected smile;  
The lucid tear shall deck the lyre  
Of Lucy's unknown bard the while.

SABINA.

February 22.

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#### ALFRED.

"There is a destiny in this strange world,  
which oft decrees an undeserved doom."

IN crystalline fetters was Delaware  
bound,

And keen did the northern blast blow,  
When senseless as marble young Alfred  
was found

By the watch of the city in morning's  
last round,  
And cold as his pillow of snow.

Tho' Fortune had cherish'd, and mark'd  
him her own,

And favours alluring had spread,  
He spurn'd her caresses, and wander'd  
alone,

Till but as the spectre of night he was  
known,  
For hope in his bosom was dead.

Time was when his presence gave life  
to the scene,  
More prone to be serious than gay;  
But when he led down the light dance  
on the green,  
So sylph-like a step, and enchanting a  
mein,  
Proclaim'd him the brother of May.

But Pleasure no more could entice to  
her bow'r  
The victim that love had undone;  
Who languish'd and droop'd, as some  
delicate flow'r,  
That faints ere the noon, when expos'd  
to the pow'r,  
The rays of too torrid a sun.

The image of Ella was deeply imprest,  
'Twas wrapt in the folds of his heart;  
And already the sun had illumin'd the  
west,  
On th' hymeneal day, and the bride-  
maids were drest,  
When destiny tore them apart.

And is he my brother? cried Ella,  
aghast;  
Oh, my heart, is there none to deny?  
No wonder the tie was cemented so fast,  
The tie I yet feel, and the tie that will  
last  
While my bosom can heave with a  
sigh!

Ah me! that enchanting adorable grace  
My eyes have been wont to admire,  
That wanton'd around him, and shone  
in his face,  
Which the slightest the coldest observer  
could trace,  
Was the semblance alone of my sire.

My parent, how cruel! how could he  
betray  
That virtue he bade me revere;  
And so gentle a lamb might have led  
him the day:  
But who do I tarry? ah, why this delay?  
Poor Alfred will shortly be here.

And must he, alas! ah, must Alfred  
suppose  
That wantonly I can resign  
The hand which would shield me from  
legions of foes,  
The heart that would feel, and partake  
of my woes?  
O aid me, Blest Power divine!

The story so fatal forbid to impart,  
No intreaties could stay nor command,  
Bewilder'd she flew, with an agoniz'd  
heart,  
As some poor stricken deer that escapes  
with the dart,  
And gave to a stranger her hand.

'Twas a deed of despair, 'twas a sacri-  
fice made  
To shield the repentant from shame;  
But Fate was her foe, and in vain she  
essay'd  
To fly from the toils it around her had  
laid,  
And threaten'd to injure her fame.

Ah, little she thought the generous deed  
Would 'tangle her feet in a snare;  
But in Destiny's volume 'twas early de-  
creed  
For the errors of others her bosom  
should bleed:  
Ah! wretched, disconsolate fair!

The scorpion reproach had no place in  
her breast,  
She blush'd for no vices her own;  
Yet the load was increas'd; for, while  
faint and oppress'd,  
By a lunatic fair she was wildly ad-  
dress'd,  
And call'd on for wrongs to atone.

'Twas Anna the rustic, yet fair as the  
rose  
In her bosom so prettily worn;  
Who fancied poor Ella the cause of her  
woes,  
Her sister, twin sister in murder'd re-  
pose,  
Twin lilies the tempest had shorn.

Come Ella, 'tis Anna who calls from  
her cell!  
And see they have chain'd me be-  
side!  
Come, bring me my babe! I've a story  
to tell;  
Thou canst not, thou must not with  
Florio dwell,  
For Anna is Florio's bride.

Yet should he, alas! hear the words I  
now speak,  
He would say 'twas the nightingale's  
song;

Or should he behold the warm tear on  
     my cheek,  
 He would chide me, and say it was silly  
     and weak,  
 And bind this green ribbon more  
     strong.—

Lost Ella now shrunk from the light of  
     the day ;

O wrap me in darkness, she said ;  
 For where shall I hide me ? Oh, how  
     shall I shun,

My mind that's so wretched, myself so  
     undone,

And Anna, the lunatic maid.

But oh; when no art could her Alfred  
     restore,

The pent flood of anguish gave way,  
 And secrets escap'd her, so treasur'd  
     before,

As she kiss'd his cold cheeks a thousand  
     times o'er,

The pallid, yet beautiful clay.

To his tresses of sable the icicles hung,  
 Which oft had with dew been im-  
     pearl'd,

As erst he had wander'd the poplars  
     among,

With melody sweet, ere his lute was  
     unstrung,

Ere despair had her standard unfurl'd.

My brother, my brother, cried Ella,  
     awake !

O could I for thee but have died !

The passions how direful, what victims  
     they make,

Poor Anna is lost, and my heart it will  
     break,

And Alfred lies cold by my side.

To the wretched time moves with too  
     tardy a pace ;

She chides it for passing so slow,

And pines for the night no morn can  
     efface,

For no horror in death can the desolate  
     trace,

Which is their sole respite from woe.

SABINA.

### AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE design of republishing Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which had been relinquished for want of encouragement, is resumed. The expence will be defrayed by the funds of the society, who will trust to the sale of the work for a reimbursement. It is intended to reprint, at present, the three first volumes only, which are out of print. The first numbers of this valuable work, which were originally published in the American Apollo, can now be found only in the library of the society, or in the few sets owned by the members.

Proposals have been issued, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for a periodical work to be called the Piscataqua Evangelical Magazine, to be under the direction of the Piscataqua Missionary Society. It is to be published every two months, and each number is to contain 40 pages.

The first, second, and third numbers of the Assembly's Missionary Magazine have appeared in this city. It is published under the patronage of the general assembly of the presbyterian church in the United States.

Samuel F. Bradford, of Philadelphia, is now preparing for the press the New Cyclopædia, or Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in twenty volumes, quarto; formed upon a more enlarged plan of arrangement than the dictionary of Mr. Chambers. Comprehending the various articles of that work, with additions and improvements, together with new subjects of biography, geography, and history, and adapted to the present improved state of literature and science. By Abraham Rees, D. D., F. R. S., editor of the last edition of Chambers's Dictionary, with the assistance of eminent

professional gentlemen. Illustrated with new plates, including maps, engraved for the work by many of the most distinguished artists. The whole improved and adapted to this country by gentlemen of known abilities, by whose aid it will be rendered the most complete work of the kind that has yet appeared.

An edition of Johnson's Dictionary, abridged, including the author's preface to the folio edition, has been published by Jacob Johnson, of Philadelphia; improved by the standard of pronunciation established by Walker's Dictionary; "but where words occurred, not to be found in that, of which the instances were numerous, other sources have been investigated, particularly Marchbank's quarto edition of 1798, and the pronunciation of these words carefully regulated by Walker's directions."

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for publishing Adams's Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematics, and, pro tempore, teacher of natural philosophy, in the university of Pennsylvania. The publisher is now waiting for a new edition of the work, coming out in London, by Jones.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, in monthly numbers, a work entitled *Amœnitates Graphicæ*, or an instructive and amusing collection of views, animals, plants, flowers, fruits, minerals, antiquities, costumes, and other interesting objects; carefully selected and engraved, either from drawings after nature, or from the best representations of those objects; with descriptive and explanatory sketches, in English and French: the whole calculated to excite, in youth of both sexes, a taste for useful and ornamental knowledge, and to assist the cultivation of the same, as well as the cultivation of the languages in which the sketches are written. The descriptive and ex-

planatory part by L. H. Girardin, professor of modern languages, history, and geography, in William and Mary college; the engravings by Frederick Bossler. A preliminary and separate number is already issued, as a specimen of the work.

A new edition of Johnson's Dictionary at large, in royal octavo, with the author's life, by Dr. Aiken, and with two engravings, one of the author's portrait by sir Joshua Reynolds, and the other of his statue in St. Paul's, is proposed for publication, by subscription, at Philadelphia, by Mr. Humphreys, in whose success every one who approves integrity, industry, and enterprize, must be deeply interested.

Messrs. Maxwell and Manning have completed the first volume of their accurate and valuable edition of Shakespeare. The plan on which this edition is conducted is generally known. The latest and best editions of this poet are carefully revised, the less interesting matter in the commentary is omitted, and some useful additions have been made from the stock of American sagacity and ingenuity.

Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, Lectures on Theology, by the late Dr. Charles Nisbet, president of Dickinson college. This work is to be prefaced with a life of the author, by Dr. S. Miller, of New York.

To those who are acquainted with the character of the late Dr. Nisbet, no recommendation will be necessary to engage their attention to this publication. His profound erudition, his eminent talents, and his fervent piety, rendered him, for many years, a distinguished light in the church of Scotland, and a principal leader of what is there denominated the orthodox party. His high reputation induced the trustees of Dickinson college to call him from the conspicuous and honourable sphere of usefulness which he occupied in his native country, to take the presidency of that institution. This important station he held for

near twenty years, with a degree of honour to himself, and of advantage to the seminary, which those who have attended to the progress of American literature well know.—The lectures now proposed to be published were delivered, at Dickinson college, to a select class of theological students, who heard them with so much gratification and instruction, that manuscript copies were eagerly sought after, and by a few obtained; and application was made to the venerable president, on his death-bed, for his consent to have the whole laid before the public, in a more correct and perfect form.

Though the body of theological instruction, now offered to the world, was not originally formed with a view to publication, and though it did not receive the advantage of the author's last corrections; yet, unless his friends have formed a very partial and erroneous estimate of the work, it will be found to contain a rich fund of theological learning, which will abundantly repay the reader, and form a lasting monument to the honour of the author.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE author of the *Elegiac Stanzas* is earnestly solicited to make this work the depository of his fugitive pieces. Many such must be lying in his port folio. Whatever resolutions his diffidence may adopt, with regard to the future, a muse so prompt and fertile as his will find it impossible to be wholly silent. She cannot open her lips but to awaken the respectful attention of a much greater number than he seems at present aware of, and her most careless and unlaboured effusions will be gratefully received. The editor extremely regrets that he cannot admit these stanzas into the present number. He is obliged to reserve them for the next.

Yelse's favour was received too late for the present number.

N. W.'s advice is well meant, but if the editor's integrity would allow him to follow such counsel, he wants, alas! both the wit and the invention that are requisite to make it graceful and becoming. *In vero tutissimnis ibis*, an honest poet would say.